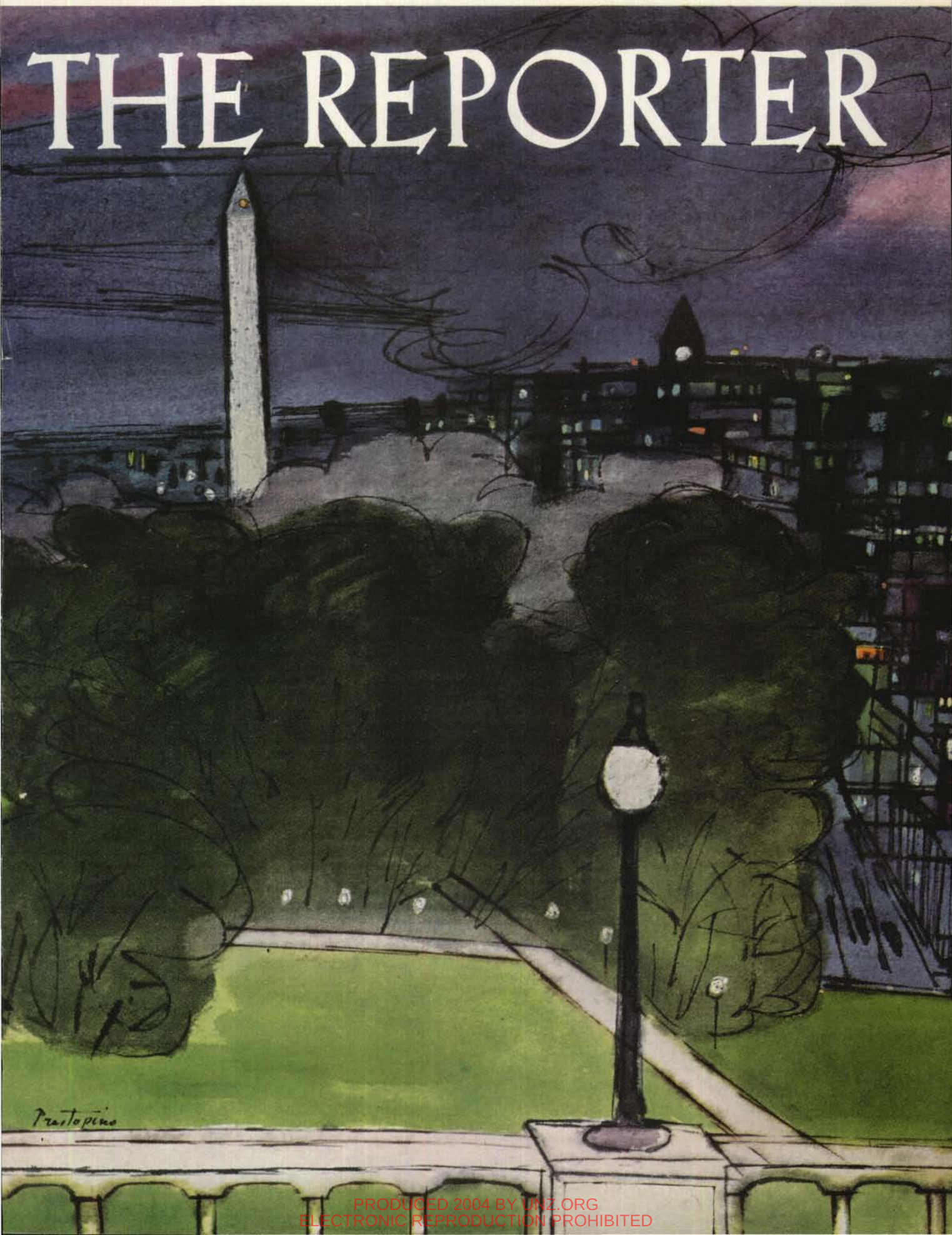
Walter Heller's Federalist Papers

oc June 1, 1967 35¢

WHO IS WILFRED BURCHETT?

THE REPORTER



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Anaconda	**7.2**	**Liggett & Myers**	**6.8**
Associates Investment	**6.1**	**Louisville & Nashville**	**6.8**
Brooklyn Union Gas	**6.2**	**Magma Copper**	**6.1**
Bucyrus-Erie	**6.0**	**Maytag**	**6.0**
Chesapeake & Ohio	**6.0**	**McCrory Corp.**	**6.0**
Commercial Credit	**6.2**	**Missouri Pacific**	**6.3**
Creole Petroleum	**9.4**	**National Acme**	**6.9**
Dayco	**6.2**	**Norfolk & Western**	**6.1**
Food Giant	**6.2**	**Pacific Inter. Express**	**6.6**
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Giant Portland Cement	**6.2**	**Soo Line Railroad**	**8.3**
Gould National	**6.1**	**Standard Prudential United**	**6.0**
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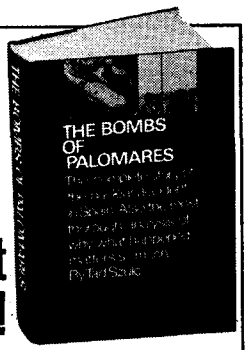

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN his editorial, **Max Ascoli** considers how the cohesion of the Alliance has probably loosened, while the hostility of the enemy, no matter how divided, has in no way decreased—and in fact may have become even more menacing because of intra-enemy competition.

THROUGHOUT our history the counter-themes of strong Federal authority and defense of the rights of the states have alternated in dominance. They dramatically contrasted the philosophies of Hamilton and Jefferson, split the Union in the Civil War, and more recently have divided regions and politicians in groupings that often cut across party lines. Today, when the peacetime power of Washington has never been greater, there is a discernible shift toward the belief that the states and cities must play a greater role in co-operation with Federal domestic programs, and that the ever-extending reach of the one man, one vote principle must be checked to maintain a healthy balance in the relationships of our national, state, and local political entities. An evidence of this new outlook is the wide support generated for the proposal to return a share of Federal income-tax revenues to states and cities to spend as they see fit. Walter Heller, the former Presidential economic adviser, is the author of the basic plan, but it has many variations before the current Congress. **Martin Nolan** of our Washington bureau provides a guide to these competing proposals and to the growth of the new federalist sentiment.

WOULD *Pravda* give space to a western journalist's anti-Communist views of the war in Vietnam? Not very likely. And yet this is essentially what some of our newspapers have done in reverse by publishing Wilfred Burchett's dispatches from Hanoi and other Communist areas closed to most western reporters. Burchett is sometimes identified simply as "an Australian journalist," but in fact his life and work have been dedicated to the Communist cause. **Denis Warner,** who has known Burchett for more than twenty years, documents this description of the man whose access to western newspapers may make him Communism's most valuable propagandist. . . . **Claire Sterling** concludes her reporting assignment in Eastern Europe with an account of the economic disorder in Czechoslovakia, where the "New Economic Model" is a very shaky vehicle. . . . **Albert Parry,** the Russian-born head of the department of Russian studies at Colgate University, has culled from Soviet press reports and other sources evidence of increasing tension along the seven-thousand-mile Sino-Soviet frontier. . . . Unrest of another kind is revealed in the story of a young Indian scholar whose expulsion from Poland this year illustrates the Polish government's failure to suppress growing disaffection among the country's intellectuals. **Tibor Szamuely** is a lecturer in politics at the University of Reading, England, and a commentator on foreign affairs for the *Spectator*. . . . **Meg Greenfield** turns an analytical eye on clichés that have crept into our political language and provides some translations.

BORN in Nottingham, the setting for his short story in this issue, **Alan Sillitoe** left school at fourteen to become a factory worker. After the war when he was stationed in Malaya in the RAF he began to try his hand at writing. *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* was awarded the Author's Club Prize as the best English novel of 1958; *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner,* a collection, was awarded the Hawthornden Prize for the best work of imagination in prose for 1960. Both are published here by Knopf and in paperback by New American Library. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is the editor and associate publisher of *High Fidelity*. . . . **Helen Sorrells** is a former newspaper reporter and free-lance radio writer. . . . **Sarel Eimerl's** most recent book is for children of twelve and up, and is entitled *Revolution! France 1789-1794* (Little, Brown). . . . **Richard Kostelanetz** has a Guggenheim fellowship to complete a study of recent American thought. . . . **Henry A. Kissinger,** who is with the Center of International Affairs at Harvard, is the author of many books, including *The Necessity for Choice* (Harper and Doubleday Anchor) and *The Troubled Partnership: A Re-appraisal of the Atlantic Alliance* (McGraw-Hill and Doubleday Anchor.)

Our Washington cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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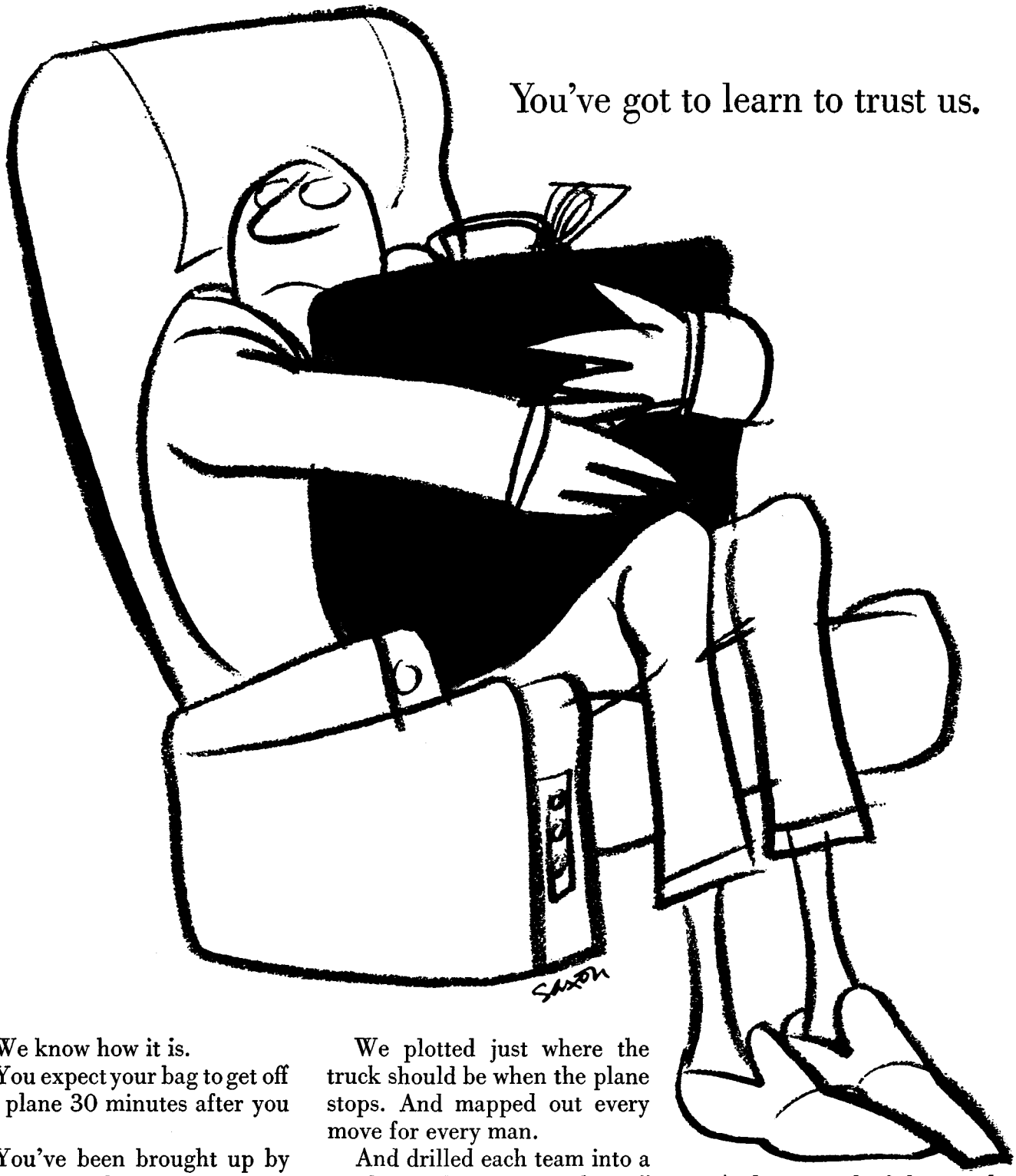

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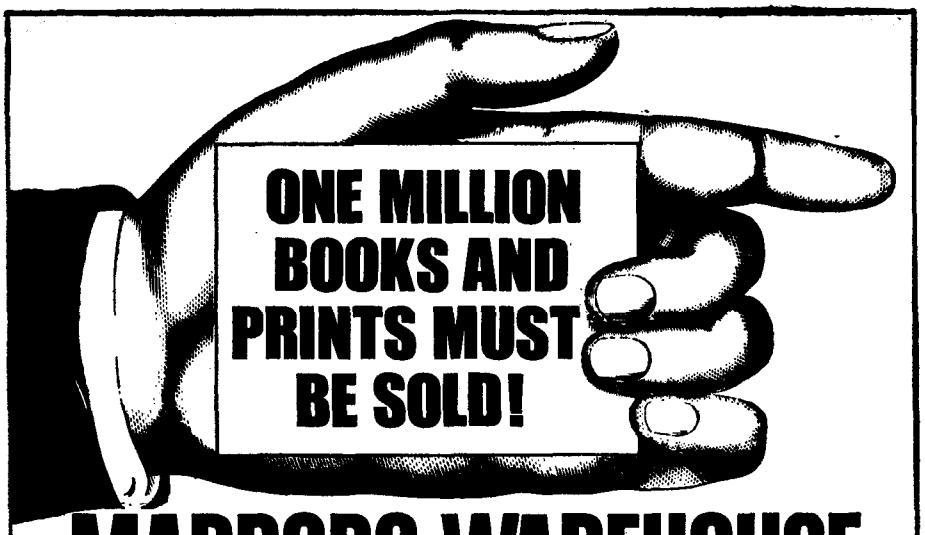

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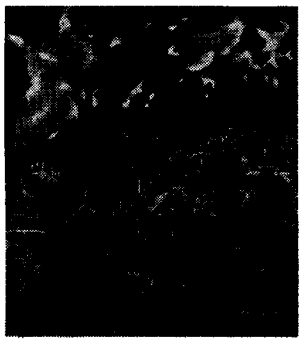

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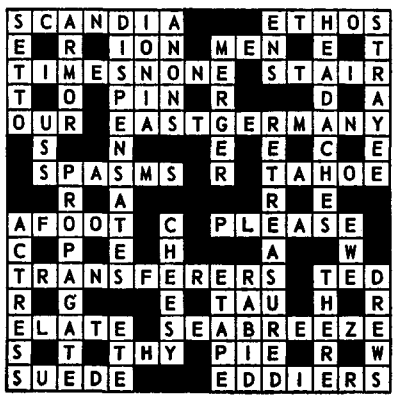

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CORRESPONDENCE

EAST GERMANY

To the Editor: In "East Germany: The Plan Collapses" (*The Reporter*, April 20), George Bailey alludes to "the perpetual Communist obsession with the increase of production in general and the expansion of heavy industry in particular." In point of fact, since 1961 the GDR has systematically reduced the sector of heavy industry, concentrating instead on electronics, chemicals, and major consumer items, which it now supplies in quantity to Eastern Europe. As for sharply rising investment costs, Bailey appears unfamiliar with the elementary economic concept of declining capital-output ratios.

Concerning post-1961 growth rates, Bailey also loads the dice. No one will deny that 1961 and 1962 were difficult years in East Germany. By lumping these years with the surprisingly prosperous years subsequent, it is only natural that the GDR's economic growth looks unimpressive. But what about the years from 1963 onward? After all, it was only in the beginning of 1963 that the New Economic System was adopted.

According to Bailey, agricultural collectivization has been a disaster. Again, his impressions are dated. Admittedly, 1960 saw considerable dislocation. But in the farming villages of the GDR today, one hears nothing but praise for the new co-operatives. Since 1959—the last year before complete collectivization—the total value of agricultural products in the GDR has increased by 49 per cent. The production of eggs has doubled. The production of milk has increased by 23 per cent, while the number of cows has declined by a fifth. Per acre yields tell a similar story: sugar beets, up by 32 per cent; grain, up by 20 per cent; potatoes, up by 16 per cent. These are East Germany's three principal crops. In addition, the number of persons employed in agriculture has declined by one-fifth. This frees 300,000 persons for work elsewhere. The results are consistent. Collectivization has been a success, and the régime reaps the harvest.

Omissions abound in Bailey's article. At no point, for instance, does he discuss popular attitudes in East Germany. Had he done so, it would have been difficult to disguise the fact that the New Economic System has been enthusiastically embraced by the GDR's population. Individual endeavor is a valued commodity in East Germany today, and by and large the individual has reciprocated.

JEAN EDWARD SMITH
Associate Professor
of Political Science
University of Toronto

Mr. Bailey replies:
I can identify neither the source of Professor Smith's statistics nor the country to which they purportedly apply. Unless it be Erehwon. Smith says the *total value* of agricultural production has increased 49 per cent since 1959. The *volume* of agricultural production in East Germany has increased between three and four per cent over the 1959-1965 period, according to an index constructed by the U.S. Department of Agriculture (using East German statistics). If the *value* of production has increased by 49 per cent or whatever, it merely means that it now costs a good deal more to obtain approximately the same amount of production.

Egg production "has doubled" since 1959? Here are the data from the 1966 GDR Statistical Yearbook, page 313. Egg production in millions: 1959=3,126.8; 1965=3,935.0. An increase of slightly more than a quarter. Smith says milk production increased by 23 per cent. The Statistical Yearbook (page 314) shows an increase for East Germany of only 9.4 per cent over 1959. The number of cows in Erehwon has declined by one fifth. Under the heading "Average Number of Milk Cows," the Yearbook gives these data: 1959=2,135,942; 1965=2,136,613—I make this out to be an increase of 671 cows in East Germany. Per acre yield of sugar beets is up 32.2 per cent—in Erehwon perhaps. But in East Germany the tons-per-hectare yield has declined from 1960 (287.6) and from 1963 (266.0) to 1965 (263.1). Incidentally, the Yearbook also gives the average per hectare sugar-beet yield for the prewar years 1934 to 1938 as 291. And so on throughout.

These data show an erratic pattern, but that is the point. Potato-per-hectare yields in 1965 were higher than in 1959 (but only by 9.9 per cent), but lower than in 1960 and 1962, etc. These modest increases (particularly in view of the large increases in agricultural investment) are in keeping with the steady increase in East German imports of agricultural products. The decrease in the agricultural population—which was not encouraged by the régime—is an evidence of how much the farmers "admire" the "efficiency" of the system. Perhaps Erehwon "has systematically reduced the sector of heavy industry." The Communist definition of heavy industry includes the basic materials and metalworking industries; its share of employment in East Germany rose from 62 to 65 per cent, its share of output from 63 to 65.5 per cent over the period. Meanwhile, the consumer-goods industries' share in both employment and output have fallen steadily. As for dated impressions, Ulbricht's statement quoted in the article was made in December, 1965, and Günther Mittag's in September, 1966. East Germany has not yet published data for 1966, but the official report covering last year states that the grain crop was lower than in 1965.

VORSTER'S APPROACH

To the Editor: My attention has been drawn to the article in *The Reporter* of

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May 4, by Noel Mostert, under the heading "Vorster's Practical Approach," in which it was stated that South African business contacts with Kenya had increased. References were also made to the recent visit by Mr. George Githii (former Private Secretary to President Kenyatta) to South Africa in which it was alleged that he spent some time holding talks with several prominent government officials. Following a similar report which appeared on February 28, 1967, the Kenya government issued the following statement:

". . . This news item is a pure fiction, inspired by misguided agents of the fascist supremacist régime of South Africa, which Kenya does not recognize and with which Kenya has no intention of entertaining any type of relations, whether economic, political or diplomatic, until the present illegal and unrepresentative order is replaced by a legitimate African government. . . .

"There is no link whatsoever between the visit to South Africa by Mr. George Githii, editor-in-chief of the *Daily Nation*, and the government's position on the question of South Africa. . . ."

BURUDI NABWERA, Ambassador
Permanent Mission of Kenya
to the United Nations
New York

THE NIXON GENERATION

To the Editor: After reading Meg Greenfield's article "My Generation Is Missing" (*The Reporter*, May 4), a friend of mine and I recently compared ourselves, members of the Missing Generation, the silent ones, to today's sound-off group. We decided we were silent then because we had a pretty good idea of what we wanted—a nice home, a good job, a respectable and responsible place in our community. We got it—and maybe our dreams were so easily satisfied that we could be easily satisfied with Nixon.

Miss Greenfield got closer to the answer, though. Grandpa Ike tucked us in and Dick assured us that we too could go on TV and tell how we could pay for a national campaign on a normal household budget. Success was sure to be ours.

Congratulations to Meg Greenfield for her adept presentation of the 1967 version of "Dicky Rides Again."

THE REV. RONALD E. FELTY
First Presbyterian Church
Shelbyville, Indiana

STERLING PERFORMANCE

To the Editor: I want to thank you for Claire Sterling's fine article "Hungary: The Mechanism and the Marionettes," in *The Reporter*'s May 4 issue.

As Eastern Europe has come to be my special field of interest over the years, I always watch reporting on that area with a special concern. I feel that you have well summed up the attitudes and political realities in Hungary.

LANDRUM R. BOLLING, President
Earlham, College
Richmond, Indiana

We have the last word for graduation gifts.

grad·u·a·tion (graj′o͞o ā′shən), *n.* **1.** the act of graduating; the state of being graduated. **2.** the ceremony of conferring degrees or diplomas, as at a college or school. **3.** marks or a mark on an instrument or a vessel for indicating degree, quantity, etc. [< ML *graduātiōn-* (s. of *graduātiō*). See GRADUATE, -ION]

gift (gift), *n.* **1.** something given voluntarily without charge; present. **2.** the act of giving. **3.** the power or right of giving: *Job offers are a politician's gift.* **4.** a special ability or capacity; natural endowment; talent: *the gift of saying the right thing at the right time.* —*v.t.* **5.** to present with as a gift; bestow gifts upon; endow with. [ME < Scand; cf. Icel *gift*; c. OE *gift* (ME *yift*) marriage gift; akin to GIVE] —**gift′less,** *adj.*

—**Syn. 1.** donation, contribution, offering, benefaction, endowment, bounty, boon, largess, alms, gratuity, tip, premium, allowance, subsidy, bequest, legacy, inheritance, dowry. See **present**[2]. **4.** faculty, aptitude, capability, bent, forte, genius, turn, knack.

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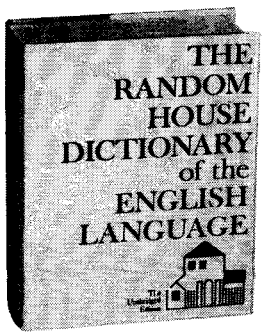

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Well Done, Gardner!

May 17 marked the passage of thirteen years since the Supreme Court handed down its ruling in *Brown* v. *Board of Education,* the decision that outlawed racial segregation in the nation's public schools. Inevitably the burden of putting that decision into effect has fallen to the lower courts in the South. Thus, since *Brown* was decided in 1954, around three hundred additional cases have been brought by Negro plaintiffs over the intricacies of compliance—or noncompliance—on the part of Southern school officials.

The result has proved unsatisfactory on two counts. First, for all their diligence and good intentions, the courts are simply not equipped to do the job—nor should they be. Increasingly in the years after *Brown,* they found themselves performing as substitute school boards, making decisions and drawing up programs that strained the limits of both their competence and their jurisdiction. Then there was the problem of delay, which attends most legal struggles. All over the South there are Negroes who, although they were not even old enough to go to school at the time of the *Brown* decision, have now completed their entire education without having felt the effect of *Brown.*

Both the lower courts and the Negroes who appealed to them had little choice in the matter until a few years ago. The passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, with its section requiring that Federal funds be withheld from institutions that continue to segregate, and the subsequent enactment of a general education bill, both provided an opportunity for change. For the first time there was statutory recognition by Congress of the validity of the Supreme Court's decision, and there were administrative means to enforce it. Congress, in short, took the burden off the courts and shared it with the administration. How that new authority is to be used, if at all, is the question that lies behind the current skirmishing on Capitol Hill over the administration's desegregation guidelines. Plainly, those Southerners who spent ten years bemoaning the excessive role of the courts in their affairs are in no way consoled to find the courts restored to a more traditional role as interpreters of the law. They have trained their attack on the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, which—not surprisingly—has also been accused by some in the North of a lack of militancy in pursuing the goal of desegregation.

Secretary John Gardner stepped into his unenviable position in August, 1965, shortly after the enactment of the legislation that shifted so much responsibility from the courts to the administration. Almost immediately the cross-pressures upon him began. Under the terms of the Civil Rights Act, hospitals that had not complied with the HEW desegregation standards by July 1, 1966, were ineligible for Medicare compensation by the Federal government; and similarly, schools not meeting HEW standards could not qualify for assistance under the Education Act. To hear it told in some quarters on Capitol Hill, one would imagine that the much-disputed guidelines were a collection of arbitrary and immutable laws carved in granite by Secretary Gardner with the help of Harold Howe II, the Commissioner of Education.

In fact, they represent little more than HEW's effort to formulate a set of standards by which to measure the progress and good faith of Southern school systems that are applying for money and avowing at the same time that they are in the process of desegregation. No one at HEW ever thought of these standards—with their suggested percentages of increase in integration, their recommended steps for faculty integration, and so on—as absolute or uniformly applicable conditions to be met at once. Nor has Secretary Gardner ever been complacent about what he and his aides set about to do. It is acknowledged at HEW, for instance, that it may have been a mistake, though perhaps an unavoidable one, to meet staff shortages in the first year of activity by hiring a corps of law students to do HEW's compliance work in the South. Some of these young men from the North are said to have lacked much in the way of sensitivity. It was recently made known that in the future the program will be broadened to include other persons, among them some Southern educators.

This fact became known the same day Gardner announced that Commissioner Howe and other program administrators in his department would no longer be charged with enforcing civil-rights compliance in their fields; he took that job directly to himself. Thus, even as the Southerners in Congress were preparing yet another attack on the guidelines, which they hope to amend out of existence, some voices began to be heard on the other side suggesting that the Secretary had backed off and sacrificed Howe to the Southerners' pressure. It was an odd, if predictable, charge. Secretary Gardner deputized his assistant for civil rights, F. Peter Libassi, to preside over the civil-rights program from the Secretary's own office. Libassi, who came to HEW from the Civil Rights Commission, is known to share all the Secretary's determination to achieve compliance. He has the advantage, however, of not having shared the spotlight with Commissioner Howe.

On March 29, in an unusual *en banc* session of twelve judges, the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals up-

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held Secretary Gardner's use of the school desegregation guidelines. In this more traditional and appropriate role, the courts can now give weight to decisions taken by administrators with Congressional authority to act. This tandem arrangement has been too long in coming, and the judicial endorsement of the guidelines has been too dearly bought for Secretary Gardner to consider stepping back now. If the Southerners on the Hill can be defeated in their current legislative efforts, Gardner will be in an unusually strong position. The fact that he has quite reasonably and sensitively taken steps to assure a little more tact in HEW's performance should not be misleading. By moving the burden of enforcement directly to his own office he has also indicated that he understands the responsibility he has acquired and that he is prepared to take the heat.

The U.N. on Aggression

Item in the New York Times *daily summary of the proceedings at the U.N.: "Committee to Define Aggression—Considered question further." For those who may have wondered, as we did, what that meant, we herewith present excerpts from the story as recounted in publications of the U.N. Office of Public Information:*

The Committee regarding the question of defining aggression this afternoon opened its fourth session by electing its officers and hearing statements by the representatives of the United States and the Soviet Union . . . . SEYMOUR M. FINGER (United States) said the task of defining aggression was barren and the present time was particularly unpropitious; he recommended that the Committee adjourn *sine die* . . . .

NIKOLAI T. FEDORENKO (Soviet Union) said the United Nations should resume work on defining aggression as soon as possible . . . . It was well known, he said, that "the forces of aggression" always tried to justify their actions . . . . Vietnam, he declared, was "an obvious example." There "the American hordes have unleashed aggression against the people of Vietnam" . . . .

MR. FINGER (United States), exercising his right of reply . . . . said he regretted "the verbal aggression of the Soviet delegate" and "his usual propaganda regarding Vietnam."

SIR LESLIE GLASS (United Kingdom) said that . . . . The chances of a consensus on a definition, in his view, were remote . . . . MRS. EMILIA BARISH (Costa Rica) said it was not easy to reach agreement on such a complex question . . . . THE CHAIRMAN [Kurt Waldheim of Austria] said the Secretariat had tentatively scheduled seven meetings for the Committee's session. A meeting would be scheduled for Friday . . . .

KADHIM KHALAF (Iraq) said that his delegation could not decide by Friday if it wished to intervene or not. Given a question of such importance and controversy, as the one before the Committee, he asked that the list of speakers be held open at least until next week.

THE CHAIRMAN asked if the list of speakers might be closed on Monday evening. KAROLY CSATORDAY (Hungary) suggested that no decision be taken today on this point . . . . There was no objection.

CLAUDE CHAYET (France) observed that the problem under discussion had already been considered in earlier years . . . . In his view the Committee should postpone consideration of the question, until such time as the Special Committee on principles of international law had completed formulation of certain principles, some of which would have a bearing on aggression.

KAROLY CSATORDAY (Hungary) said that his delegation regarded its work in the Committee very seriously, due to its adherence to the principles of contemporary international law . . . .

LEOPOLDO BENITES (Ecuador) said that . . . . In the seventeen years during which the question had been debated, the conclusion had not been that aggression could not be defined. True enough, a definition of aggression had not yet been arrived at, but the fact that such a definition had not been arrived at did not mean that one could not be reached in the future . . . .

The Committee's task is "further consideration of the question of determining when it shall be appropriate for the General Assembly to consider again the question of defining aggression."

MILAN KLUSAK (Czechoslovakia) said that consideration of the question so far had not brought forward any results.

The Committee on the Question of Defining Aggression this morning concluded its general debate and decided that at its next meeting, at a date to be announced in the United Nations Journal, it would discuss draft resolutions before it. At the moment the Committee has two drafts . . . . The Bolivia-United States draft would have the Committee adjourn further consideration of determining when it was appropriate for the General Assembly to define aggression until a majority of the Committee requested the Secretary-General to again convene the Committee. The Czechoslovakia-Hungary draft would recommend that the Assembly resume work on defining aggression at the 1967 regular session and ask the Secretary-General to inscribe on the Assembly's provisional agenda "The question of defining aggression."

Forbidden Games

One outstanding feature of the American way of life that seems doomed to become a thing of the past is the office party. By a recent decision of the New York Court of Appeals, it has been declared an on-the-job activity, and therefore as subject to industrial hazards as mining coal or painting radium dials on watches. In what may prove a historic case, the court ruled that the widow of William H. Chorley, a salesman for Koerner Ford, Inc., of Syracuse, was entitled to workmen's compensation because her husband died of a heart attack a few hours after dancing the twist at a steak-and-bean dinner given by the company.

The new ruling opens up such tempting prospects for sprained-ankle, indigestion, alienation-of-affection, and acute-hangover litigation that, unless the Supreme Court reverses the Chorley decision, employers will be prudent to limit their entertainments to games of "Who's Got the Handkerchief?," cookies, and lemonade. Aren't there any silver linings that don't have clouds?

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On Allies and Enemies

No matter how enfeebled by the lull in the Soviet westward aggressiveness that first brought it into being, the Atlantic Alliance still maintains a cohesiveness that neither the awkward testiness of its paramount leader nor the go-it-alone escapades of any of its members has so far been able to dissipate. Let it be enough to say here that its resilience lies in the West's yearning for some kind of bond free from leveling uniformity, imposed from within or without.

As far as our country is concerned, President de Gaulle has been particularly persistent in providing it with a seemingly endless variety of irritants. He has insisted on France's role as a worldwide power well after it had lost the means to be one, while we had the means but hated the very notion of sustaining the burden. We had become heavy with apprehension and conflicting fears because of the horrid weapons that we could neither bring ourselves to use, nor to share with our allies, nor stop producing.

De Gaulle went so far as to grab ideas or slogans that our government had not yet got around to formulating into programs like the one about Europe extended from the Atlantic to the Urals, meaning probably that if not the whole Soviet Union, the European part of it could become eligible for membership in the Common Market, or maybe in the Atlantic Community. Germany could once more have become united by peaceful means that would have greatly pleased a government like ours, whose devotion to peace has remained unaffected by its participation in two world wars.

We insist too much on de Gaulle because that man, for all his burden of years, has consistently played the role of *enfant terrible* in the Atlantic Community. Now the time is past for de Gaulle to take liberties with the community and insult our country. After having flirted with Communist governments all over the world, he has now come to discover that there are enough Communists in France to keep him busy.

In recent years our government has taken a more relaxed attitude toward him. Official Washington has developed a singular forbearance toward western trouble spots and troublemakers. Amintore Fanfani, the Italian foreign minister, for example, has long been known as a double-faced broker between East and West, according to the mandates of his tortuous imagination. Recently, the Italian ambassador to Washington, Sergio Fenoaltea, resigned, for his conscience no longer allowed him to be the mouthpiece for Fanfani's policies. Fanfani, of course, remains in power, and the State Department will not be deprived of this familiar troublemaker.

The trouble spots are quite serious, and one of them at least, Germany, can be called potentially tragic. It is still, perhaps, the Atlantic nation most devoted to the Alliance, contributing to it the largest conscripted army, equipped with strictly conventional weapons. It is also the one where resentment toward the United States and torturing doubts about what our country wants of it are creeping through every class of society. Konrad Adenauer knew better than anybody else how dangerous the Germans can be when stirred up by morbid loneliness. Our government tells them, among other things, to intensify trade with eastern Europe, and particularly with the eastern section of their country. Is it aware that these trade relations can become too close and entail a political price?

It would be unfair to say that the administration takes lightly festering trouble spots and irksome troublemakers. Busy as it is in facing the enemies in Vietnam and the expatriates at home, it might have come to consider the worldwide Communist menace less harassing from the time the Communist bloc gave evidence of disruption far more clamorous than the rifts within the Atlantic Alliance. Has the balance of terror been replaced by the balance of intrabloc contention? In general, our side has done much better, and de Gaulle, compared to Mao, is an evidence of our luck.

True, the most up-to-date Soviet weapons are flowing through China or via Haiphong into North Vietnam. Our war in that part of the world is a limited one, for, as in Korea, we exclude from our aims the liberation of the northern part of the country, we strive to cultivate normal diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, and we do our best not to antagonize China. Yet recently, U Thant declared that we may be in "the initial phase of World War III." If the man is to be taken seriously, this should mean that the antagonism between the two brands of Communism does not prevent their joint action against us. Are we being faced with a new nuclear blackmail? Last time, when the threat came from Cuba, we refused to be scared, and war was avoided. We know now, and the Allies must know too, how these threats are to be answered.

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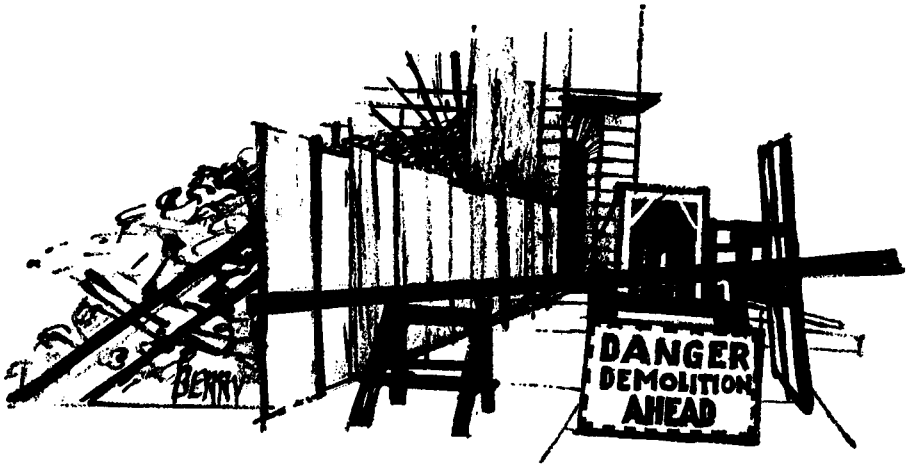

Walter Heller's Federalist Papers

MARTIN NOLAN

THE 1968 Presidential campaign promises to be the first in recent history in which nominees plan to spend some time telling voters what the Federal government *can't* do for them. Leading aspirants have already begun. "Federal energy is essential. But it is not enough," President Johnson told Congress in his State of the Union message. "Only a total working partnership among Federal, State, and local governments can succeed." George Romney told the Michigan legislature early this year: "The people are once again looking to state and local government for creative and flexible answers. . . . if state and local governments fail in their responsibilities, the vacuum will be filled—more expensively, more rigidly, more remotely, and often less productively." George Wallace has been telling his audiences that "the people of Syracuse, New York, or Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, or Montgomery, Alabama, don't need anyone from Washington telling them what to do. I say we've got to get back to the little people and the idea of state and local government."

A shift of the public spotlight away from Washington to the fifty state capitals and the eighty thousand units of local government will be acclaimed by governors, mayors, legislators, selectmen, and sewer commissioners. For years starved for affection, esteem, and a spot on page 1, they will thank the kingpins of the American political process for their solicitude and concern. But this modest gratitude will seem unappreciative next to the uncontrolled adulation these officials demonstrate for Walter Wolfgang Heller. He wants to give them money.

HELLER, who now teaches economics at the University of Minnesota, first offered a plan for "revenue sharing" between the Federal government and the states when he was chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers in 1964. Since that time, a growing budgetary commitment to Vietnam has failed to diminish enthusiasm for the plan that bears his name. Seldom has an economic idea been given such widespread political currency. The plan's acceptance by both parties and most of their ideological factions is a triumph for Heller's vision of the "new economics." The Heller plan has never been explored before any Congressional committee. Yet twenty-five versions of it are before the Ninetieth Congress, sponsored by more than a hundred members. In academic life and in public life, the plan has as many distorters as it has supporters and detractors.

In an apparent attempt to rescue its simple theme from its many variations, Heller himself has offered a definition of the plan: "In capsule, the revenue-sharing plan would distribute a specified portion of the Federal individual income tax to the states each year on a per capita basis, with next to no strings attached. This distribution would be over and above existing and future conditional grants." Heller gave this definition at Harvard's Godkin Lectures in March, 1966 (*New Dimensions of Political Economy*, Harvard University Press 1966). The lecture "Strengthening the Fiscal Base of Our Federalism" outlines Heller's belief in the need to avert an impending "Federal crisis." (He did not use this "crisis" phrase himself, but it is one of those emotional election-year extracts which usually emerge every four years from cold-eyed economic reports.)

Heller expresses some of the premises of his plan succinctly: "The Internal Revenue Service is an inherently more efficient tax administering agency than those of the states. . . . the round-trip to Washington would cost less than a round-trip to the state house or city hall." Of state and local efforts to preserve the countryside, untangle traffic, educate children, fight crime, and rehabilitate cities, Heller notes that "Many of the seemingly humdrum functions of state-local governments, undertaken with little or no Federal help, come pretty close to

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the heart of our national purpose." Above all, Heller suggests, states should be rewarded for "their fiscal courage, their fiscal effort." Giving states and localities "an A-plus for their tax efforts," he notes that "since World War II, their quantitative role has been growing steadily. Indeed, they can lay claim to being the country's greatest 'growth industry.' Their expenditures have expanded more rapidly than those of any other major sector of the economy, public or private."

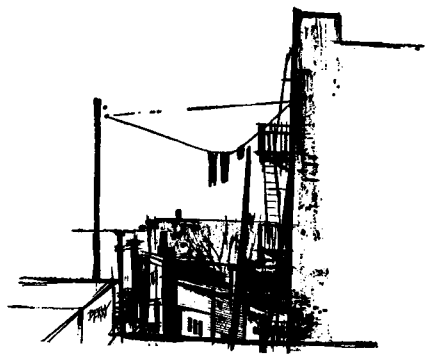
But still the states need help, Heller says, largely because the prosperity and mobility of the last two decades have strengthened the hand of wandering businesses and weakened that of states and cities. Most plant owners are familiar with Sunday-supplement "industrial development" ads that promise enticingly low income taxes as part of "a favorable business climate." "Interstate competition and fears of losing industry and wealth not only inhibit state-local taxing efforts," Heller declares, "but push them in regressive directions." Four-fifths of state and local revenue comes from property and sales taxes, which, he says, are "regressive" and not as "growth-responsive" as the Federal income tax.

Rising Pressures

Heller was not the first to note that Federal concern often lags behind state and local tax efforts. On the same platform where he spoke, Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York had given the 1962 Godkin Lectures, *The Future of Federalism*. Rockefeller said: "The striking fact in our domestic political experience since World War II has not been the growth of Federal government—but the far more rapid expansion of state and local government, to meet growing social needs. With the resources and attention of the Federal government increasingly devoted to defense, foreign aid, and international relations, the rising pressures to meet domestic needs have been directed more and more to state and local government."

Rockefeller spoke in the context of the end of the Eisenhower administration, when Federal grants-in-aid totaled $7.3 billion. Today that figure is $15 billion—distributed in more than four hundred aid programs. President Johnson has estimated that the amount of aid will quadruple during the next decade. Grants-in-aid mix Federal funds with those of states or communities in locally administered programs. Begun in 1890 for agricultural education, cash grants swelled enormously for welfare purposes during the New Deal and have never stopped growing or multiplying. During the Eisenhower administration, eleven major grant-in-aid programs were begun. During the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, the number of major new grants doubled those inaugurated by Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The outpouring of social legislation passed by the Eighty-Ninth Congress accelerated thinking by Heller and others on how states and cities could digest the cornucopia. Administration officials, meanwhile, are still torn between concern about the Great Society's effects and braggadocio about its bulk. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare John W. Gardner, testifying before a Senate subcommittee on Intergovernmental Relations last fall, foresaw a



Federal crisis: "In almost every domestic program we are encountering crises of organization. Co-ordination among Federal agencies leaves much to be desired. Communications between the various levels of government—Federal, state, local—is casual and ineffective."

But the President and his political aides have continued to play the numbers game: ". . . nineteen major education measures were submitted to Congress and enacted during those thousand days. . . . in the same period twenty-six health measures were enacted." Although coupled with warnings that "legislative statistics alone are not a satisfactory measure of innovation," such boasts enhance the argument of that increasingly powerful group of Republicans who seek to abolish most grant-in-aid programs.

THE ATTITUDE toward grant-in-aid programs marks the most fundamental variance between the Heller plan and the versions set forth by Representatives Melvin R. Laird (R., Wisconsin) and Charles Goodell (R., New York), their party's leading tax-sharing advocates. According to Heller, "Conditional grants for specific functions play an indispensable role in our federalism. They unite Federal financing with state-local performance in a fiscal marriage of convenience, necessity, and opportunity." This part of the plan, which Heller says is necessary to maintain an equitable Federal balance, has been discarded in most of its Republican variations. As chairman of the House G.O.P. Conference, Laird told his colleagues in April: "We will continue to press vigorously for early enactment of a general revenue-sharing measure to replace the existing grant-in-aid programs." At the same time, the Republican Coordinating Committee, a group of Congressional leaders, governors, and former Presidential nominees, recommended that ". . . no new specific Federal grant programs should be enacted, except in unusual circumstances," and that "Congress should declare its intention that all grant programs expire automatically at the end of five years."

The Republicans, in charting a major campaign issue, have returned to that happy land where the milk and honey flow from the virtues of local government but where the Federal tap still runs, smoothly and silently. This confederation of Federally financed states would also resemble a feudal domain in which states could intensify their industrial-development raids on each other by carefree tinkering with wage laws and tax structures. Even if avarice or economic competition should disappear, this vision of the economy would still involve taxation without representation and a not very rugged individualism.

Heller feels that ". . . putting the

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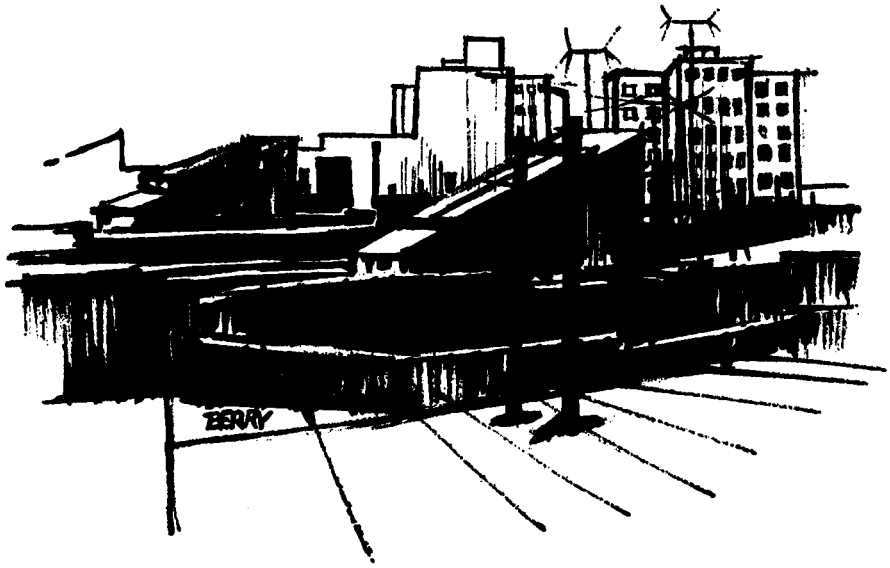
grants in conditional form enables the Federal government to apply national minimum standards, ensure financial participation at the state and local levels through matching requirements, and take both fiscal need and fiscal capacity into account." An earlier Republican plan, sponsored by Senator Jacob K. Javits and Representative Ogden R. Reid of New York, places restrictions on how states may use the money, including adherence to anti-discrimination provisions of the 1964 Civil Rights Act.



The Responsibility Riddle

All discussion of the Heller plan eventually focuses on the riddle, How responsible are the states? This question needs an answer before any "strings" are removed on Federal money. An even more important answer must be given to the question of how towns and cities will receive their just share of unrestricted funds. If the aim in averting a Federal crisis is to bring government closer to the people, will towns and cities soon be pushed to the brink of extinction, as pleaders for the states claim *they* now are?

Congress will answer these questions in an atmosphere not of growth charts and economic projections but of politics, where even if all things are equal, people seldom are. House Republicans, for instance, were not so eager for the Heller plan in 1964, when their party numbered sixteen governors, as they are now, when twenty-five Republicans sit as governors. How will the Democratic Representatives from Philadelphia and Pittsburgh react to the idea of handing over an unfettered $180 million (in Heller's projection) to Governor Raymond P. Shafer, a Republican? Would the Chicago delegation be anxious to bestow $160 million on a Republican state administration? In the Senate, too, where nineteen former governors now sit, there is bound to be great reluctance to strengthen a possible rival. Such base motives aside, how would any member of Congress regard surrendering the strings of his sovereignty to Lester Maddox, Lurleen Wallace, or Ronald Reagan?

Again—how responsible are the states? Alan K. Campbell, director of the Metropolitan Studies Program at Syracuse University, told the Intergovernmental Relations subcommittee of Senator Edmund S. Muskie (D., Maine) that the answer will be a long time coming: "The academic community has begun only recently the serious research necessary to a full understanding of the nature of contemporary federalism. For a great variety of reasons political scientists, economists and sociologists, over the past thirty years, have concentrated their research efforts on the national government and on international affairs."

Governor Rockefeller suggests that the states have not been given due credit for social reform before the New Deal. Such reform, he says, "has come to be exclusively associated, in the mind of a generation, with the New Deal. The historical fact is . . . that its major and most successful actions in social reform had been anticipated, by experiment and practice, on the state level." Citing child-labor laws and unemployment compensation in Massachusetts and Wisconsin as nineteenth-century precursors of the New Deal, Rockefeller adopts Louis D. Brandeis's view of the states as "laboratories of the Federal system."

But in the new Federal era of grants-in-aid to which Heller addresses himself, the role of the states is characterized less by experimental breakthroughs than by a growing dependence on Federal grants. In one of the largest of the Federal grants, the Interstate Highway Program, Congressional investigations have found evidence of fraud among state, not Federal, officials. The problem is less often one of venality than of simple incompetence to deal with modern problems. What Lord Bryce said of American states in the last century is true today: "Everything in the nature of state policy belongs to the Legislature and to the Legislature alone." Depression and war have not strengthened the power of state executives. It is in the legislatures where reluctance to face reality flourishes, forcing citizens to go to initiative petitions and ballot referenda for reform measures. The flamboyant outrages of the Pork Chop Gang in Florida or the Bourbons in Illinois are matched in more sober climes when the New York State legislature faces its divorce laws or when New Hampshire considers taxes.

States, however, are beginning to reform themselves. In Albany, 186 prominent New Yorkers, delegates to a constitutional convention, plan to swelter through the summer trying to update the state charter. Nineteen other states are planning the same process. Although innovation is less of a hallmark than in pre-New Deal days, Rhode Island did pioneer in Medicare; California has taken more stringent steps against auto pollution than has the Federal government; Massachusetts acted on aid to commuter transit before Congress considered the idea; and Wisconsin and New York have moved with ambition, speed, and money to clean their lakes and rivers

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while the Federal government has only begun to confront the problem.

Mayors and Money

However admirable these efforts, they still add little strength to the state-local relationship, the weakest stitch in the Federal fabric and the weakest point in the Heller plan. The most familiar cry in state reform is "home rule" for cities and towns. Local communities, which provide home, hearth, and identity for people, have no Constitutional freedoms. They exist at the sufferance of the states. When the states and the Federal government financed a $40-billion highway program that accelerated the postwar exodus to suburbia, the cities' only recourse was to the Federal government and the $3-billion urban renewal program. This much-maligned enterprise has been the only beacon of hope for mayors and their constituents in saving the American city from the folly of Federal policies that have fostered suburban sprawl. Although cities and towns now receive only thirty per cent of Federal grants-in-aid directly, they lobby for more and fear the loss of this modest share under a state-controlled tax-sharing program.

Heller's formula speaks most often of aid to "state and local government," yoking the two together, as does the literature of political science and the rhetoric on tax sharing. Of the twenty-five tax-sharing plans before Congress, eighteen have no provisions at all for local participation. Small wonder, then, that when Senator Muskie's subcommittee sought out the nation's mayors on tax sharing with the states, it found unanimous antagonism. "I think it's the most dangerous domestic idea that's been suggested in America in years," said Mayor John F. Collins of Boston. "It's that old trickle-down theory, only when the money trickles down to the state level, it starts to dry up."

Collins later presented a revenue study done for the mayors' chief lobby, the National League of Cities, by TEMPO, General Electric's Center for Advanced Studies. The study called for $125 billion during the next decade from the Federal government in "direct, unassigned grants to the cities on the basis of their fiscal needs and capabilities." The TEMPO report, Collins said, "points out that there are compelling reasons for not allowing the states to administer or even decide how to allocate Federal funds intended to aid localities. . . . Using the states as a conduit is justified only if the states add value to the services being supplied."

According to Walter Heller, "Over half of the general expenditures of the states takes the form of transfers to local governments. . . . We have little reason to fear, I believe, that the shared income-tax revenues would simply be bottled up at the state level. This does not, of course, resolve the question whether *enough* would pass through to local, and especially urban, units of government."

Heller couples this concession to the critics of state government with admission that the Supreme Court's *Baker* v. *Carr* decision on state legislatures is no panacea: "As an article of faith, I count rather heavily on reapportionment to achieve equity in the allocation of funds within the states. Yet I do not wish to say that reapportionment, for all its good works, is a guarantee of the balanced distribution of Federal funds. Central cities will be represented in proportion to their population but not to their problems."

Here, Heller touches on the central reality of the Federal crisis, the need for metropolitan awareness and a metropolitan command post for the "seemingly humdrum" decisions that affect American life. Few central cities have felt the benefits of the *Baker-Carr* decision despite the reapportionment of forty-five states. Instead of facing an implacably hostile alliance of rural legislators and their overrepresented cows, cities now face a slightly less truculent coalition of rural legislators and those from suburbia, whose views on mass transit or education vary considerably from those of city dwellers. (The major exception to the arid results of *Baker-Carr* is Maryland, where unusual political factors ruled, including the articulate and aware political environment of the Washington suburbs.)

American cities generally spend less than a third of their total budgets on schools while suburbs spend more than half, Professor Campbell of Syracuse told the Muskie hearings. The reason for the disparity, he said, is the heavy load of "the traditional municipal functions —police, fire, sewerage and refuse collection. . . . these non-aided municipal functions which place such a severe fiscal burden on central cities are also the functions least aided by either the state or Federal government."

Perpetuating Imbalance

The height of irony in the debate over the Heller plan is the current campaign of House Republicans for "block grants" to states for education. Led by Heller's fellow Minnesotan, Representative Albert H. Quie, the "block grant" proposal would give the states greater freedom and would perpetuate the imbalance between the poor children of the cities and the wealthy children of suburbia. The "block grant" idea has met so much opposition from civil-rights groups, Catholic school representatives, and big-city superintendents that it has been modified several times. President Johnson, in his attack on the "wreckers" of his aid-to-education program, said: "No one can tell for sure just how they plan to change the law. Each day new proposals, new substitutes, and new versions are presented."

The irony for Walter Heller is that the Quie approach of block grants is the Republican substitute for the Heller plan. Congressman Laird, in defining "the Republican strategy on revenue sharing during the Ninetieth Congress," said: "If the Democratic members of this body fail to see the wisdom of our proposal [on tax sharing], we will advocate block grants in place of specifically tied grant-in-aid funds."

This aim typifies the Republican attitude toward the Heller plan, using it as part of a grand design of alternatives for political display. When President Johnson dropped the Heller plan late in 1964, the G.O.P. picked it up and attached it to its Congressional escutcheon, as a talisman to ward off the evil spirits of obstructionism and to attract voters to its cause in 1968. The Quie bill on education is part of

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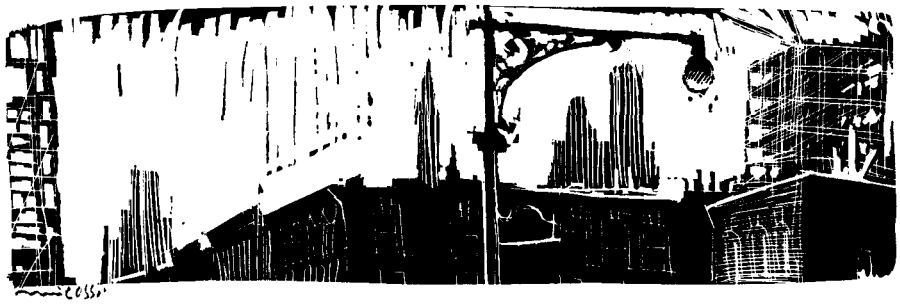
this grand design, as Laird explained. The plan of Minority Leader Gerald R. Ford, however, brings the strategy into bolder relief. Using a familiar party phrase, "my Southern strategy," Ford declared in a May 11 speech that he was cutting ties with his party's long-time partners from the South: "The strategy is to drive Southern Democrats in the House into the arms of the administration, where they belong, on votes that will hurt them in their home Congressional districts."

So on the Quie bill and, presumably, on Laird's larger ambitions for tax sharing, the G.O.P. strategy does not even call for a Pyrrhic victory. "I think it is far better to lose a few legislative battles and win the next election," says Ford. "We won't win as many legislative fights as we could if we resorted to the old coalition tactics, but it's the big prize that counts, and that's what we're after." The Quie bill on "block grants" for education, a much smaller prize, thus fits into a scheme of a Heller plan without Heller, Federal responsibility and Federal money without Federal standards, and a perpetuation of the imbalance in the Federal system that Heller set out to correct. This approach to education, with its appeal to states' righters, is hardly the Heller model of redressing "sharply unequal educational opportunities . . . by providing the equalizing financial support needed." Heller is too much the realist to embark on a course that requires of states the overnight acquisition of wisdom and virtue.

IN DEFINING the needs of a metropolitan America, the Federal government itself has become the "laboratory of the Federal system." Although it was never mentioned in debate on the topic, the "model cities" program of the Department of Housing and Urban Development is the first operative "block grant," freeing cities from the burden of most matching payments and, more importantly, diverting the resources of the Federal government into a hypodermic approach to urban and human renewal. H. Ralph Taylor, who directs the program, is Assistant Secretary for Demonstrations and Intergovernmental Relations, a mouthful of a title that carries profound implications for the future of Federalism.

In Congress, the two versions of the Heller plan that encourage this trend by forcing the co-operation of states and cities are those sponsored by Senator Joseph D. Tydings (D., Maryland) and Representative Henry S. Reuss (D., Wisconsin). The Tydings plan would simply allow any metropolitan area of 1.5 million people to apply directly for funds. Reuss



would demand state reform and metropolitan co-ordination by withholding funds until each state and metropolis had reformed itself to Congressional specifications. Both approaches involve myriad political pitfalls, as did the Heller plan itself when it first surfaced as an allegedly too simple pie-in-the-sky proposal.

MORE than any other man in academic life, Walter Heller has been a towering influence on the direction of American government. He has been so because of perception, sensitivity, political salesmanship, and a touch of genius. In 1963, his sponsorship of a tax cut helped banish deficit financing as economic heresy. He has converted those who once felt that the first purpose of spare Federal funds should be to retire the national debt; he now must evangelize those who feel that all American problems require national treatment.

The genius of Walter Heller has been his recognition that people in southern California or central Missouri or eastern Massachusetts have, in this mobile society, different aspirations and different goals for their environment. The aim of a new Federalism is not a simple strengthening of the states and localities for their own sake. "Was, then, the American Revolution effected," Madison asked in the Federalist papers, "was the precious blood of thousands spilt, and the hard-earned substance of millions lavished, not that the people of America should enjoy peace, liberty, and safety, but that the government of the individual States, that particular municipal establishments, might enjoy a certain extent of power, and be arrayed with certain dignities and attributes of sovereignty?" Heller, in his Federalist papers, asks the same thing of the American economy. Will its power to redress the imbalance in the Federal system be used simply to create petty feudal baronies of unchecked ambition? His view of Federalism is that it is an instrument of freedom.

Heller agrees with Madison, who urged that states and the Union not spend time jealously guarding power from each other. He sees the strength of a growing economy in its "new dimensions," just as Hamilton and Madison saw their new Union's strength, as a weapon for freedom and for local initiative.

After a first third of the twentieth century dominated by state and local government and a second third in the shadow of Washington, the last third of the century will set a new stage: "And here the linkage between the potential of our economy and the potential of our Federalism comes into . . . a design to use the growing mastery of the economic environment to master also our physical and social environment." In a wealthy country, even in one with national standards of equality and freedom, a man's vision still focuses on his own community, the natural object of his compassion and concern. Walter Heller shares that vision. "The good life," he says, "will not come, ready-made, from some Federal assembly line. It has to be custom-built, engaging the effort and imagination and resourcefulness of the community."

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Who Is Wilfred Burchett?

DENIS WARNER

MELBOURNE

WHEN General Douglas MacArthur's forces landed in Japan in August, 1945, most of the accompanying correspondents stuck close to Tokyo. But Wilfred Burchett, a thirty-four-year-old Australian, bypassed the peace-signing ceremonies and took a southbound train for the last real beat of the war. His dispatch, datelined Hiroshima and telephoned to a colleague waiting in Tokyo, was splashed across the front page of his newspaper, the London *Daily Express,* and won worldwide attention. It was not only the first report but also the best until John Hersey, many months later, produced the definitive account of what happened when the bomb went off.

Nearly twenty-two years later, Burchett again had a clear lead on all official and unofficial reporting on another matter of major world importance. Encouraged by reports from London this winter that Soviet Premier Alexei N. Kosygin wanted peace, Washington learned from Burchett's dispatches out of Hanoi that the Democratic Republic of Vietnam was interested in talks, but only after "the unconditional halt of the bombing and all warlike acts." Washington officials had difficulty reading the signals. "Burchett has had this capital on the hook for a month," one said at the time. "Can you believe the guy? Can you trust what he writes? Can he be of any use in this mess?"

His countrymen knew a good deal more about him. Stripped of his Australian passport by Canberra in 1955 and denied Australian citizenship for his three children by a second marriage—one born in Hanoi, one in Peking, and one in Moscow—Burchett is regarded by those responsible for Australian security as a Communist and a traitor who ought to stand trial for his role in the Korean War. But other Australian officials scoff at this. "Traitor? Communist? Rubbish!" said one Australian official to whom Washington sometimes turns for information and advice. "He's a woolly-minded idealist. He's too muddle-headed to be a Communist."

Which is the real Wilfred Burchett?

The Early Years

He was born in Melbourne in 1911, the son of a Methodist lay preacher who enjoyed a minor reputation as a debater and lecturer and later as an active member of the world peace movement. According to one close friend of the family, "The father was a strong character and his own far-to-the-Left views had a tremendous impact on Wilfred."

The depression also helped. Although Burchett was a bright student with a gift for languages, his family's poverty caused him to leave high school before graduating. He drifted for some years from farm to farm as a seasonal laborer. Later, he worked as a truck driver, vacuum-cleaner salesman, vegetable grower and hawker, and carpenter.

By 1936 he had saved enough money to go to London, where a knowledge of some French got him a job with Thomas Cook & Sons, the travel agents. His interest in languages and left-wing politics led him to the Linguists' Club and eventually into contact with Ivan Maisky, the Soviet ambassador, who selected him to open the London office of Intourist. At the Linguists' Club he also met his first wife, Erna Hamer, a Jewish refugee from Nazi Germany.

The Intourist office soon folded because of restrictions on tourist exchanges between the Soviet Union and England, and Burchett went to work for Palestine Orient Lloyd, an agency set up to rescue Jews from Germany. The Burchett family's unity and idealism became apparent at this time. In Australia, Burchett's father mobilized the members of a small discussion club he had formed in the village of Poowong in the state of Victoria. Poowong residents offered the refugees guarantees of employment on farms and in a butter factory, and Burchett's brothers worked on the Australian Immigration Department to grant visas.

Back in Australia before the outbreak of the Second World War, Burchett joined the official Australian news and information service. Then in 1940 he set off as a free-

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lance journalist for New Caledonia, a French colony a thousand miles off the east coast of Australia, where the opposition forces had just overthrown the local Vichy régime. His coverage of this revolt helped to establish him as a journalist and to get him accreditation as a foreign correspondent in China. He joined the *Daily Express* in Chungking, Chiang Kai-shek's wartime capital.

When the Japanese invaded Burma early in 1942, Burchett was in the thick of the fighting. Stranded in Rangoon without transport, he accepted a ride in a jeep driven by a young (and now distinguished) British official. To make room for Burchett, the official tossed out some personal belongings, flour, and hard rations. Yet when Burchett subsequently wrote a book about the Burma campaign and the Japanese, he gave the English hell for looting and cowardice, and said that the official had been escaping in a jeep loaded with liquor and stolen goods. The official wanted to sue for libel, but the Foreign Office pressured him not to do so.

My own first meeting with Burchett took place in the Central Pacific. As the only non-American correspondents working in Admiral Chester Nimitz's command, we were often thrown together and even shared a cabin for some weeks before and during the Battle of the Philippine Sea.

Though thin almost to the point of emaciation and scarred by thirteen bullets, Burchett was a prodigious worker. He wrote not only for the *Express* but also for the Toronto *Star* and numerous other publications. He used to sit sweating over his typewriter in a pair of shorts while other correspondents played gin rummy.

He worked even harder on plans to get his stories on the wire. Instead of going ashore with the troops to cover the island invasions, he usually preferred to operate from an aircraft carrier. A dive-bomber man's eyewitness account that would arrive in London within a day or so of the beginning of a battle was worth ten stories filed from the beachhead and delivered two weeks later. He watched officer promotion lists with great care. The captain promoted to rear admiral and the colonel who advanced to general could be sure of a Burchett cable of congratulations. Such thoughtfulness paid off time and again in the speedy movement of his copy.

For a long time after the war our paths did not cross. Burchett worked for the *Daily Express* in Trieste, Greece, and Berlin and later for the London *Times* in Hungary and Bulgaria, after refusing (by his own unverifiable account) an appointment with the British Foreign Office. I stayed on in Asia.

Burchett has never been long out of the news, and he was back in it again with the trial of Cardinal Mindszenty in Budapest in 1949. He handled the report of the trial skillfully. By casting doubt on the nature of Hungarian justice, he established his objectivity in the minds of his readers and then proceeded to make the point that the

Cardinal was guilty. In a letter, he said of his report: "It completely knocked out the rubbish about tortures, drugs and extracted confessions and showed the Cardinal for the miserable, intriguing, ambitious little man he was." Burchett's further view was that the American minister and his aides should have been put in the box along with Mindszenty.

One book written while he was in Eastern Europe, *Cold War in Germany*, was an entry for the 1951 Stalin Prize.

Special Coverage

The Korean War provided the next test of Burchett's allegiance to the Communist cause. By 1951, he and his second wife—a highly literate Bulgarian party member, Vessa Ossikowska—had settled in Communist China. Late that year, he appeared at the Korean front with the Chinese Liberation Army, this time as the correspondent for *L'Humanité* and *Ce Soir* of Paris and other Communist newspapers around the globe. Even so, many of Burchett's old friends felt he deserved the right of suspended judgment: if he was honest, it was conceivable that his work could help to remove misunderstandings in Asia.

What, then, did he have to say? On December 5, 1951, he had General James Van Fleet "rubbing his blood-stained hands together" in Korea. On December 28, 1951, he reported on the "extraordinary antics of the Americans, ranging from colossal bungling to criminal negligence sparked by master race arrogance." On January 17, 1952, he accused the United States of cynically bombing one of the prisoner-of-war camps in North Korea. Next day he reported that the attack was aimed "not so much to destroy the hamlet containing the camp but to restart the war."

Burchett was one of the first correspondents to report that the United States was using germ warfare in Korea. In his report of an interview with a North Korean soldier who had seen a long brown stream emerging from an American plane, Burchett wrote indignantly about the hideous epidemic the Americans had brought to North Korea. When it became apparent that there was no epidemic, he joined with five other Communist newspapermen to issue a joint statement to the effect that there was no epidemic because of efficient Chinese and North Korean medical precautions.

Early in 1952, Burchett turned his attention seriously to the Communist prison camps and their inmates. The first of a series of reports began: "This camp looks like a holiday resort in Switzerland. The atmosphere is also nearer that of a luxury holiday resort than a P.O.W. camp." The British "loved" their conditions, but among the Americans there were a lot of frightened men. "They are not frightened of Koreans or Chinese. They are frightened of their own government and what is in store for them after their release." There was a reason, he wrote, for serious doubt whether the

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U.S. authorities were interested in having their prisoners of war back. "It seems they even fear to have them back. . . . They may be a source of 'infection.' It has been made plain that this applies to all prisoners-of-war, including General [William] Dean," the 24th Division commander who was captured at Taejon.

Dean himself has some affectionate memories of Burchett. After Burchett visited him, bringing a bottle of gin, the general's treatment in the prison improved greatly. Burchett also gave him the first real news of the war he had heard since his capture—and it was news, not propaganda. "He didn't try to brainwash me, unless you can say that giving me Stalin Prize novels to read is a form of brainwashing," Dean told me in San Francisco recently. Other prisoners had very different experiences. Corporal George Smith of Florida said Burchett stood outside a prison camp and shouted insults at hungry Americans.

In 1953, the British Ministry of Defence accused Burchett of having "actively engaged in brainwashing procedures" in prisoner-of-war camps. Prisoners who had "confessed" to using bacteriological warfare subsequently named him as one of their interrogators. The "confessions," with their seeming documentation, were masterly jobs that could not be read without the lingering suspicion that there must have been something to them.

A team of Australian investigators subsequently obtained affidavits from prisoners who had been interrogated by Burchett. But whether they would hold up to justify a charge of treason against Burchett in a court of law is doubtful. Australia was not involved in an old-fashioned "declared" war in Korea. And although the Menzies government subsequently revised the Crimes Act with the Burchett case in mind, it seems improbable that he has committed any acts since then that could send him to prison.

Whatever success Burchett's propaganda had among the Americans, he himself seemed to have been taken in by it. Ian Stewart, now writing for the New York *Times* in Hong Kong and at that time working for Reuters, was with Burchett at Panmunjom on the day the interrogation of Chinese prisoners began. "Now you'll see," Burchett told him. "Now you'll see what a load of propaganda the Americans have been feeding everybody." Stewart asked him if he meant that all the Chinese would ask for repatriation. "Of course," Burchett replied. The Americans had lied when they claimed that these prisoners had refused to be repatriated.

The prisoners were given a choice of two exits from the interviewing room. One led to North Korea and China, the other to South Korea and Taiwan. As soon as the first prisoner heard his choice, he headed for the exit leading to South Korea and had to be brought back to listen

to the appeal of the Peking representative. He listened impassively to a long harangue about the great welcome awaiting the returning warriors and subtle insinuations that he was endangering his family by refusing repatriation. Then he calmly walked out—to South Korea. The second prisoner refused repatriation. And the third. And the fourth. Some cursed the Communist representative. One spat in his face. Only ten of the five hundred interviewed that day accepted repatriation. Stewart turned to see how Burchett was reacting to the scene and found that he had quietly slipped out. He never saw him again.

In Peking Burchett wrote a five-act play, three books on Korea, and a book on China. The titles are a fair guide to the contents—*Plain Perfidy, This Monstrous War, The Changing Tide,* and *China's Feet Unbound.*

The Hazards of Travel

Foreign correspondents covering the Asian beat found that Burchett was more than just another old colleague now working on the other side of the fence. Burchett sat in judgment for the Chinese Foreign Office when it came to visa applications from correspondents. Friendships unbroken by his performance in prisoner-of-war interrogations and the germ-warfare campaign nonsense were rewarded with the chance to see the new China, with the help of conducting officer Burchett.

He transferred his activities to the Indo-China area in 1954 and began to perform a similar function for the Vietminh. An Indian correspondent visiting Peking just before the battle for Dien Bien Phu wanted to see the Vietminh in action. Ho Chi Minh's representative in Peking referred him to Burchett. "We're putting on a big show there," said Burchett. "I'd like you to go, but I just couldn't recommend that an outsider should see things at the moment." The rebuffed Indian subsequently got a visa from the French and turned up in Hanoi just before the end of the Indo-China War.

When Ho established himself in Hanoi, Burchett moved there. A visit to North Vietnam by Tillman Durdin of the New York *Times* in 1955 was one of Burchett's propaganda failures. Durdin did not care for what he saw and said so.

While there were rewards for continued friendship with Burchett, there were also penalties for criticism. As long ago as 1953, during the Panmunjom talks, I received a message from him to the effect that an article I had written about his activities had been filed for future reference and future action. Thereafter my repeated efforts to visit China were not simply rebuffed by Peking; they were ignored.

In 1965 I was still encountering the same roadblock. Just after the U.S. bombing of North Vietnam had begun, the North Vietnamese embassy in Laos reacted favorably to my suggestion that I should visit the bombed areas. My application was forwarded together with a recommendation from the North Vietnamese ambassador and I was asked to stand by. Two days later an urgent call took me back to the consulate. Did I by any chance know an Australian journalist named Wilfred Burchett? "Of course." The consul beamed. "Then there will be no

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trouble about your visa," he said. "Hanoi has referred your application to Mr. Burchett." It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the visa was not forthcoming.

My last encounter with Burchett took place in 1955, when we found ourselves standing together at the opening of the Afro-Asian Conference in Bandung. Burchett, then using a British passport, traveled aboard a short-range twin-engine North Vietnamese aircraft that touched down at Rangoon, Penang, and Singapore. Afraid that he would be arrested, Burchett refused to leave the plane when it refueled in Singapore, thereby directing attention to interesting possibilities for the return journey. The decision was made to arrest him when he reached Singapore. But one of the handful of people privy to the plan warned him against returning to Hanoi by way of either Singapore or Hong Kong, and his aircraft proceeded to Rangoon after refueling at Medan in northern Sumatra.

Although interested agencies appear at a loss to understand how it happened, Burchett's British passport disappeared at this time. On instructions from Canberra, it has not been replaced and today he travels on North Vietnamese papers.

While in Hanoi, Burchett completed two more books. About 1956, he moved to Moscow, where he became a resident correspondent of the *Daily Express* and a contributor to the *Financial Times* and non-Communist newspapers in Australia. He also began an association with the Moscow publication *New Times*, which is now defunct.

Improving the Product

In 1962 the Vietnam war took Burchett back first to Hanoi and subsequently to Phnom Penh, where his clients have included the Associated Press. Although he has grown old and heavy and suffers badly from rheumatoid arthritis, he is still a most remarkable operator. He is not merely the trusted confidant of the Hanoi régime and the National Liberation Front but also of Prince Norodom Sihanouk, some of whose speeches he is reported to have ghosted. While he goes off on his own forays into Vietcong areas in South Vietnam, he has also from time to time arranged for western correspondents to visit Cambodian border areas—for the specific purpose of establishing that there are no Vietcong there. As usual, correspondents on Burchett's blacklist do not often find their way to Phnom Penh.

His books about life with the Vietcong are heavy on propaganda but are interesting nevertheless. One seemingly improbable account of a week he claimed to have spent in Gia Dinh Province immediately outside Saigon was subsequently confirmed in detail by a senior Vietcong defector. His still and moving pictures taken in the field with the Vietcong sell at high prices in many countries, including the United

States; CBS bought one of his early and not highly professional films. To improve the quality of his wares, he hired a French professional photographer, Roger Pic, whose two-hour film purporting to show U.S. soldiers torturing Vietnamese prisoners was one feature of Bertrand Russell's recent "war-crimes tribunal" in Stockholm. Early in May Burchett was on his way to Paris, by way of Peking and North Korea, to edit his most recent footage.

His newspaper articles have become more sophisticated and more professional than they were sixteen years ago when he had General Van Fleet wringing blood-stained hands. But essentially he remains the propagandist, an invaluable channel of communication from the National Liberation Front and Hanoi into the columns of newspapers in countries throughout the world. According to Burchett, he accompanied Harrison Salisbury of the New York *Times* on a Christmas Day tour of bombed towns around Hanoi which Salisbury described in his controversial dispatches without mentioning Burchett. The *Times* has published several Burchett dispatches since the Associated Press began distributing some of them in 1964. As recently as last fall the *Times* identified him simply as "an Australian newspaperman" or "leftist newsman." At other times it has followed the Associated Press usage, appending the information that Burchett has "close connections with Communists," or is "Communist-oriented." Other papers, including the Washington *Post* and the *Christian Science Monitor*, call him "an Australian Communist" writer.

WHAT motivates Burchett? Despite the occasional inconsistency of word and action, the answer is not hard to discern. The idea that the Soviet ambassador would have appointed him to open the London Intourist office in 1936 just because he liked his looks is as absurd as the proposition that the Hungarian government invited him to cover the Mindszenty trial because he happened to be the most objective correspondent in Europe. He could be friends with the British official who rescued him from Rangoon and then denounce him because this was what was required by his calling. Far from being muddle-headed, Burchett is a clever, calculating Communist. He has probably been embarrassed by the Sino-Soviet rift, for he has friends on both sides.

Through the years, he has persisted in his efforts to return to Australia. At one period, he was a welcome visitor at the Australian embassy in Moscow, but his pleas for a passport, the registration of his children as Australian citizens, and an assurance of immunity from prosecution did not move the government in Canberra. When Harold Holt, the Australian Prime Minister, visited Cambodia in April, Burchett sent him a letter repeating his requests. His case is under review.

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The Rickety Czech 'New Model'

CLAIRE STERLING

PRAGUE

IN 1964, by the time President Antonin Novotny of Czechoslovakia finally got around to the problem of the country's galloping economic degeneration, two-thirds of Czechoslovakia's industrial plant was worn out or obsolete. Workers' productivity had dropped considerably behind Western European levels and was forty per cent lower than that of the United States. A nation of only fourteen million people was producing 1.5 million different items of manufactured goods and a vast range of heavy engineering equipment, generally well above average world costs and well below world standards. Rejects of defective industrial products were running to $200 million a year, export losses were still higher because of faulty packaging, and two-thirds of the merchandise in retail stores was, by official estimate, unfit to be on the market. "Comrade Janitor has just bought nine classroom thermometers," someone protested to a daily paper. "One registered seventeen degrees Celsius, one eighteen, two nineteen, two twenty, one twenty-four, and two didn't register at all."

Novotny did not de-Stalinize until a full seven years after the process had begun nearly everywhere else. Doubtless he would have held out longer if he could have. But Khrushchev would not stand for further delay, and the economy might not have survived it. By following every rule in the Stalinist book, Novotny and his colleagues had led the country straight into a situation which, according to the book, could never arise under socialism: a full-scale depression. Since 1962, economic growth had not only stopped but production and national income were actually declining.

The crisis had been building up for years, mostly because of the Communists' insistence on administering an overdose of socialism to an economy that had very little wrong with it in the first place. Czechoslovakia had come out of the war almost intact when they took over. Its industries were technically abreast of the best in Western Europe, its foreign trade was soundly in balance, its workers were reliable, highly skilled, decently dressed, comfortably housed, and well fed.

But the party left nothing alone. The most successful light and medium Czech industries were neglected or abandoned in favor of heavy industrial development, at the killing pace that Marxist theory and the Soviet Union demanded. The proportion of manufactured consumer goods to export items declined from fifty per cent to twenty per cent. The country's biggest prewar trading partners, Germany and the United States, dropped out of sight as Prague tried to satisfy the needs of Europe's less developed new socialist states and the voracious Soviet appetite for industrial equipment. Raw materials were bought from Russia at prices above the world market level and finished products were sold below the market.

Workers who had taken pride in the quality of the things they made were reduced to dull indifference by impossible production norms and an egalitarian wage policy guaranteeing seventy per cent of them exactly the same income, regardless of skill, responsibility, or output. The educated middle class was sent out to sweep streets or clerk in shops while managerial jobs were entrusted to workers with no professional qualifications, a third of them with only a primary-school diploma.

Sliding Reform

At this stage the most stiff-necked Stalinists had to concede that what was good for Bolshevik Russia in 1917 was not necessarily good for Czechoslovakia half a century later. Obliged to revise his policies, Novotny tried to proceed with caution. But there could be no question of revising only economic policy, and that only a little bit. For once the breach was made, the intellectuals pushed through it. The press, opened to debate at last, became more bluntly critical than any in the other socialist states. Movie studios, the theatre, publishing houses, and the universities became hotbeds of heresy. Writers and poets restored the banished Kafka to his former shrine and embraced existentialism. Students demanded a voice of their own in the National Assembly. Political scientists, pointing out that a "confrontation of interests" was the "motive force of political progress," suggested a multiparty system. Infected by the popular fever, the Academy of Sciences' Economic Institute analyzed the régime's past practices with brutal candor. When the Institute's director, Professor Ota Sik, finally produced a master plan of reform late in 1964, it was a good deal more than Novotny had bargained for.

By now, the New Economic Model is accordingly a good deal less than Professor Sik meant it to be originally. In fact, it is no longer nearly as daring as Hungary's New Economic Mechanism, supposedly patterned after it. Even so, the New Model continues to inspire dark suspicion in party circles here. In the opinion of the Communists' chief ideologue, Jiri Hendrych, it is bound to "create conflict and anti-socialist trends," and to stimulate "tendencies toward individualism and greed, wrong attitudes toward socialist property, and other faults which for centuries have penetrated the human subconscious." In some ways, he is dead right.

The reform is deliberately designed to stimulate individualism and greed. The "petty-bourgeois egalitarian spirit," Professor Sik told the party's Thirteenth Congress last May, has done untold damage to the economy over the past twenty years. With nearly all workers drawing the same pay check, "those who would like to work better are looked upon as eager beavers and self-seekers. Foremen's funds for work bonuses are often divided equally among the whole factory labor force . . . and a general solidarity springs up to prevent the kind of performance that would be in the public interest." Without a sensibly graduated wage scale, he concluded, the reform could never get off the ground.

Indeed, the New Economic Model

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is theoretically based on profit incentives all along the line. The state itself, says Professor Sik, is to shake off its classic Marxist habit of "maintaining needed imports at the price of exporting where we often fail to get back not only the work expended but sometimes even the cost of raw materials used." Industries, subsidized by the state up to now, will be on their own. The state will help by providing mere production guidelines instead of obligatory targets, allowing them to choose their suppliers, change materials, alter technological processes, and amend their production programs at will. They will then have to earn enough profit to cover taxes and capital charges, amortize credits, finance their own modernization and expansion, and pay higher wages and premiums where merited.

Those which can make a go of it will be eligible for six per cent development loans from the banks. Those which can't will be out of business. Of the ten thousand production units that can "justifiably be closed for inefficiency," according to Radio Prague, 1,300 have already been shut down and another 1,400 will be shut by 1970. The fact that 400,000 redundant workers (nearly seven per cent of the labor force) may eventually, if only temporarily, lose their jobs is a disagreeable medicine that must be swallowed. Unemployment is described in the *Short Economic Dictionary* here as a phenomenon "completely and forever liquidated under socialism." The dictionary will evidently have to be revised.

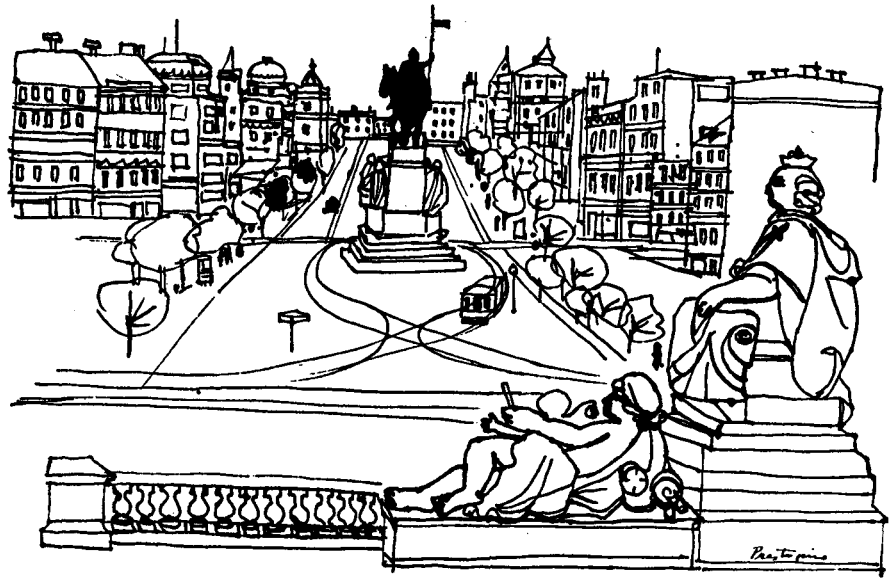
Sweeping as the reform may seem at first glance, it is nothing like the revolutionary return to free market principles that Professor Sik had envisioned earlier. His "the consumer is sovereign" theory could hardly appeal to Communist leaders who have spent a lifetime establishing the party's sovereignty. While some more flexible Communists support him, Premier Josef Lenart among them, President Novotny and State Planning Director Oldrich Cernyk have put up a stiff fight. The controversy is still raging, and the New Model is showing signs of wear.

As things stand now, consumers are going to have little say in economic affairs. The entire artificial price structure will, of necessity, be revised. But only eleven per cent of retail prices will be freely determined by market demand, compared to thirty-three per cent in Hungary. The remainder will not only be fixed by the state either absolutely or within variable limits, but are likely to go up. They have already been raised for hairdressers, streetcars, telephones, taxis, restaurants, quality textiles, meat, butter, bread, and beer—the last by thirty-two per cent for a nation that drinks the most beer per capita of any in the world. Whatever savings may be had from wholesale price changes, furthermore, will go not to consumers or factories but to the state, to be redistributed as it sees fit.

On top of that, consumers stand to be victimized by a new form of monopoly industry lacking the smallest competitive spark. Far from being left to their own devices, individual factories will be amalgamated into a hundred industry-wide trusts, whose major decisions will be made in turn by the party's national committees handling local administration. Since the national committees are shot through with Marxist dogmatists of the worst order, their ability to provide an invigorating influence may be doubted.

In any event, the supreme authority will rest in Prague. While fairly broad decision-making powers have been delegated to the national committees, these local bodies are essentially the party's creatures.

This is the sorest point of all. The packing of the Slovak National Committee with party hacks whose loyalties belong to Prague and not to Bratislava is regarded as a device for the preservation of economic and political centralism (i.e., party control), designed above all to frustrate the national aspirations of the Slovaks. (The Czechs directed the terror of the Stalinist purges against the Slovaks in order to subordinate them politically.)



Beyond that, the state itself will continue to dictate most prices, grant subsidies for priority industries, manipulate production and wage policies through taxes and corporate levies, and control three-quarters of all industrial investment either through state banks or direct governmental loans. Central direction of the economy, as Cernyk observes, will be "very, very firm."

Cultural Ferment

Yet the New Model can be serviceable, battered or not. Any departure from rigid centralized rule is refreshing, and the lively Czech intelligentsia can be depended on to take an ell for every inch in that direction. "The party cannot expect to run this thing like a controlled laboratory experiment," a writer explained to me. "Everything it touches economically has got to rub off politically. When a factory man-

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ager has one less directive to obey, so do I. Novotny may not like it, but he knows it."

Novotny not only clearly knows and dislikes it, but is trying hard to get around it. For months now, the régime has been warning unrepentant intellectuals to mend their ways while Jiri Hendrych, keeper of the party's conscience, has thundered out against the treacherous thoughts he finds at every turn. "In journalism and culture," he told the Central Committee last February, "we see opinions which are non-socialist and often even belong to alien ideologies. In reviews like *Literarni Noviny* and *Host do Domu* we find subjectivist deformations and destruction of our ideals. . . . Universities disseminate incorrect moods, pessimism, and hopelessness among the students. Unions show negativist views hostile to the party. It is impossible to tolerate, under the pretext of experiment, a number of films that propagate alienation and man's disbelief in society. . . . Creative freedom cannot be understood as anarchic arbitrariness and absolute negation of our way of life."

The thunder is largely ignored. *Literarni Noviny,* despite four major changes in its top editorial staff during the past year, continues to publish subjectivist deformations of Marxism, apparently with little fear of reprisal. "A trial like Sinyavsky's and Daniel's in Russia," says its editor, "simply could not happen here."

Movies like *The Feast and the Guests* are still turned out on state subsidies. It shows a group of carefree picnickers trapped under frightening Kafka-like circumstances in the heart of a forest. After they are liberated as mysteriously as they were caught, their frayed nerves are restored by the appearance of a smiling gentleman who tells them the whole thing was a practical joke and leads them to a sumptuous banquet table. All happily fall to except one, who, finding the joke in bad taste, slips off among the trees, provoking his host to satanic rage. The movie ends with the host and his guests running through the forest behind a pack of bloodhounds in frantic pursuit of the man who got away. This film has been barred to the general public in Czechoslovakia.

Students are more hopeless than ever from Hendrych's point of view. At present, they represent half of one per cent of the party's membership. University professors—the bolder among them, at any rate—show no signs of retreat. "We have resumed our creative academic work where it was interrupted in 1948," a philosopher observes, "and culturally, we have rejoined the West, where we belong."

Most intellectuals I have met in Prague realize, however, that the field has yet to be conquered. "By the looks of it," said one, "you might think that Novotny could no more contain our cultural rebellion than King Canute could make an ocean tide recede. But Novotny is no believer in fairy tales and we are certainly not an irresistible force. All we have really succeeded in doing so far is to create confusion where before things were only too clear. We have destroyed a deceptive appearance of national harmony, but haven't won anything like a full franchise to say what we think. We don't dare argue publicly, for instance, that Stalinism was a cancer endemic to Marxism-Leninism and not merely a historical accident, and we assuredly don't dare to attack the party head-on. Whatever we may get into print or on film is a product of endless tension. Nobody knows who may tire first."

The Old Maturity

All the same, the tug-of-war is getting results. The party leadership may not encourage, but it does permit, an open discussion of Communist practices and institutions that would have been unthinkable just a few years ago. It took no action against the nation's leading poet, Laco Novomesky, who wrote in *Kulturny Zivot* recently that Communism should begin and end solely in state possession of the means of production. And small wonder. Novomesky, former Minister of Education for Slovakia, was released from prison in 1963—along with five other Slovak leaders—after serving nine years of a ten-year sentence on trumped-up charges of treason and "bourgeois nationalism."

Nor did it censor a sensational article by Professor Michal Lakatos, a member of the Academy of Sciences and another Slovak. He advocated open and democratic nominations for the National Assembly, a choice of several nominees, self-management for professional collectives, unions, and nationality groups, their distinct political formations with rights of opposition in the Assembly, and finally, the Communist Party's withdrawal from the daily management of public affairs.

Having led the race to Communism from the start—Czechoslovakia was the first country to proclaim itself a full-fledged socialist republic after the war—the party should supposedly be happy to reach that ultimate stage in Lenin's timetable, retreating from the scene as the state withers away. Nobody expects it to. But few believe, either, that the Soviet Union will continue to set the Czechs' political pace as it has their economic pace for all these years. Novotny's deference to the Kremlin on matters of international policy remains more or less unchanged, and he is still the most active of Russia's allies in furthering Communist penetration of the Third World through arms shipments, military training, and trade. Developments since 1963 have reminded him forcibly, however, that Czechoslovakia was years ahead of Russia in technology, educational levels, and living standards when the Czech Communists came to power, and that it is too mature politically to put up forever with primitive Communist rule. The intellectual ferment prevailing in practically all of Europe's socialist states these days is nowhere else so strong as here. And here it is still further increased by the animosity between the two nations that make up this dual-nation state. The restiveness of the Slovaks has a kind of booster function among the Czech intellectuals, who feel they must make good the wrong done the Slovaks by outdoing them in their protests against the centralized political, economic, and cultural hegemony of Prague. If any of them is going to arrive at the point some day when a man can leave the party's banquet table without a pack of bloodhounds at his heels, it is likely to be Czechoslovakia.

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This criminologist is developing a new way to catch a thief.

What's he doing at IBM?

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"Computers can't make arrests," says McDonell. "But in a split second, they can give the policeman his most effective weapon against crime—information."

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 170

by HENRY ALLEN

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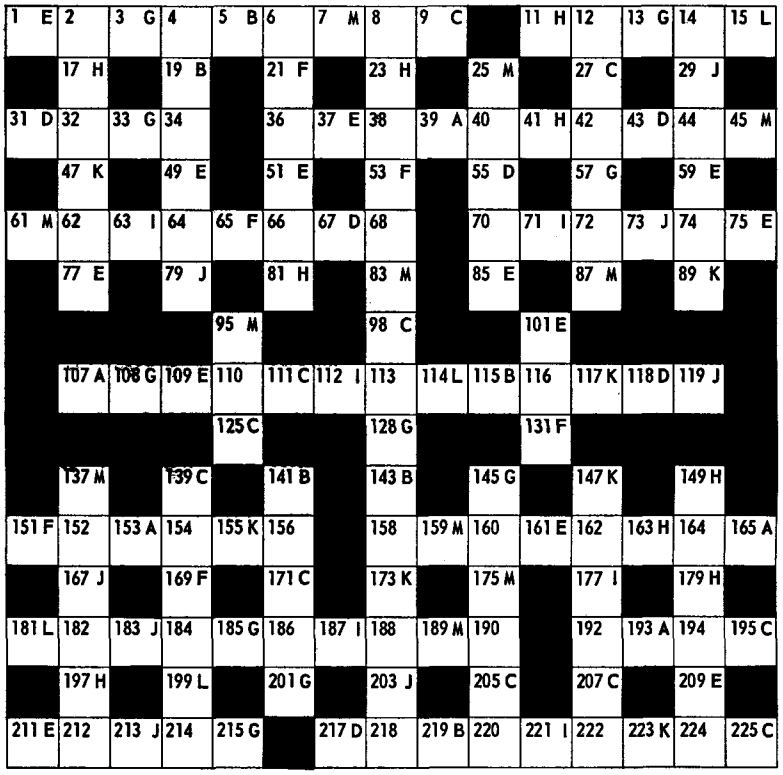
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
193 107 165 39 153 See Word B.

B
141 19 219 5 143 115 Followed by Word A, a current concern of the Acrostician.

C
111 125 98 27 171 195 205 9 207
139 225 The quality of suppleness.

D
67 43 118 31 217 55 Pacific island made famous by Bligh and Gauguin.

E
85 49 211 59 51 101 109 77 37 209
161 1 75 Part of the refrain of a popular song of yesteryear, following "Beat me, Daddy" (5,2,3,3).

F
53 131 65 151 21 169 Kind of baron?

G
145 201 185 33 128 108 13 57 215 3 Reproduction of a three-dimensional frieze, for example (6,4).

H
197 23 149 179 17 81 163 11 41 The great sin attributed to Satan (4,5).

I
177 187 112 71 63 221 U.S. college, from Swedish city.

J
119 183 73 29 167 79 213 203 All-out (3,5).

K
47 223 89 173 147 117 155 Non-woody vegetation.

L
114 181 199 15 See at a distance.

M
189 25 83 137 87 95 159 7 61 45
175 What the Acrostician's opposites say they might have to do to ensure Words B and A (5,6).

ACROSS

1. Concern of the Acrostician (area, not exact name) (4,5).
11. What do you see in the seaside cayman? That's rot!
31. Goddess of existence, twice over.
36. Favorite dessert of photographers?
61. British spa on a winter morning? It's bracing! (4,4).
70. When it's Dan, it's spruce.
107. Treat in the loony bin? It's attractive but stupid (1,5,7).
151. May have to do with a trust, young fellow!
158. Thrashing or a penny rub for Crosby?
181. A Puritan, perhaps, with loot ahead and fun at last.
192. The way to progress in rennis, Wimbledon style.
211. Victorious in degrees (archaic).
217. Tardy nues show up Castor's father.

DOWN

2. Result of mortar fire?
4. Edison is to be found in the legal side of the football lineup.
6. Canter up for the drink.
8. Place for a shroud when violently opposed (4,3,4,4).
12. Make off fifty paces east.
14. How to find out if she accepts? (3,3).
25. Kind of stage speech to aides.
95. Hawaiian food found in all points south.
101. Uncle or Pepe in Spain.
137. Meal that's super quiet.
139. A trip in the southeast on a narrow band.
141. Stein verse by any other name Shakespeare got up.
145. A duster shaken out and deteriorated.
147. Manipulator of a sailor or just one who maltreats him?
149. Substituting in the thin lieutenant's place (2,4).

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Communism's Great Divide

ALBERT PARRY

Moscow is placing great stress these days on the fact that the Soviet Union, a Eurasian nation, is in Asia no less legitimately than it is in Europe. The Soviet press is conducting a campaign to erect additional markers in the Urals to show eastbound travelers that they are now crossing into Asia—Soviet Asia—and publishing articles that extol the Russian past and present in Central Asia and particularly in the Far East. The old Czarist explorers and military men who discovered or annexed those lands are praised as true and glorious sons of the fatherland—and never mind the fact that they worked for the Czars. Beginning in mid-February, matrices of the Moscow *Pravda* are being sent to Khabarovsk by telephoto so that the inhabitants of the Russian Far East will be able to read it the very day it appears in Moscow. Significantly, this step followed close on the wake of Soviet resumption of full-scale jamming of broadcasts from Peking beamed at the Russian borderlands.

The Soviet press often quotes the famous words uttered by Lenin when the news reached him that the Red armies had finally recaptured Vladivostok from the White and Japanese forces: "Vladivostok is far away, yet it has always been our Russian city." Neither Lenin nor Stalin ever visited the Soviet Far East, but Khrushchev did, and his successors increasingly go there to inspect and rally the empire's forces. Last June, Nikolai Podgorny, the Soviet President, visited Khabarovsk and urged its inhabitants "to be ready to guard and, if need be, to defend the Far Eastern frontiers of our fatherland." In January of this year, Premier Alexei Kosygin spoke to patriotic rallies in the Ural cities of Cheliabinsk and Magnitogorsk, then flew for similar talks to the party activists in Vladivostok and to a local military unit in Khabarovsk—as if to show that all of Russian Asia, west to east, was his concern. Marshal Nikolai Krylov, head of the Soviet rocket forces, has given a pep talk to the troops of the Trans-Baikal Military District bordering on Outer Mongolia in a truly front-line atmosphere.

The patriotic rally of twenty-five thousand Russian youngsters in Moscow's Red Square last August, staged to remind the new generation of the wartime sacrifices of their elders, coincided with the beginning of the Red Guards' campaign in China. At least one Komsomol leader commented on the difference between the young Russians' decorum and the Red Guards' lawlessness. That China was very much in the minds of the organizers of the demonstration could be seen from the fact that Mongolian Premier Yumzhagin Tsedenbal, then visiting in Moscow, was prominent among the parade's reviewers and stood atop the Lenin mausoleum at the side of Party Secretary Leonid Brezhnev.

Finance Minister Vasily Garbuzov's explanation last December that the 8.2 per cent increase in military spending for 1967 was caused by "the aggressive monopolists of the United States" did not fool Mao. He knew that the increase, coming as it did in the midst of his sharp attacks against Soviet "revisionists" and in the face of incessant Chinese provocation along the 6,991-mile Sino-Soviet border, was meant to forestall *him*.

Underplaying the News

All of this reflects Russian nervousness over the unpredictable and illogical way in which the Chinese have been behaving. Another reflection of that nervousness can be seen from the paucity of Soviet reports of skirmishes along the Sino-Soviet border and the fact that Russian comments on reports from other quarters have tended to play down the seriousness of the "incidents." In commenting, for example, on a report in early January from Radio Belgrade of bloody armed clashes along the border, Moscow insisted that "Chinese provocations" were "minor."

On piecing together accounts from various sources, however, it seems clear that people on both sides of the frontier, the longest between any two nations, have been trigger-happy for some time now. Many of the incidents that occur undoubtedly belong in the category that the Munich *Süddeutsche Zeitung* spoke of in February as "psychological warfare" in describing how a group

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of youthful Red Guards lowered their trousers to the ground and bared their behinds at the Soviet frontier guards as a gesture of contempt. (The inventive Russians retaliated by waving Mao's portraits at their naked bottoms.)

The Soviet press itself has recently reported only two physical run-ins, both on the Siberian border. On February 9, at the railroad station of Grodekovo, Soviet railroadmen, members of the local vigilantes, and a number of other residents (women as well as men) took measures when a mob of Chinese Red Guards illegally crossed to storm the Soviet station; forming a human chain, the Russians "began to push the spit-spraying shouters away from the station building." And on the night of February 10, bullets flew across the Amur at Blagoveshchensk on the Soviet bank.

Some of Russia's nervous caution stems from the territorial demands of the Chinese, who claim much land to the north and the west of the boundary line. They want all of the Russian Far East—the rich area of the Amur and Ussuri Rivers, some thousand miles along the Pacific shore northward from Vladivostok and about the same distance westward along the Amur, the great region taken from the Manchu Dynasty in its time of weakness by Alexander II (Treaties of Aigun, 1858, and Peking, 1860). The Chinese also say that part of the present-day Soviet Kazakhstan west of Sinkiang was stolen from their inept ancestors by the wily Czarists (Treaty of Ili, 1881). And they demand Outer Mongolia, which was taken over by both Czarists and Soviets in more recent times (1912 and 1921). Not counting the 605,000 square miles of Outer Mongolia, the Soviet lands claimed by Mao total between 500,000 and 600,000 square miles, or nearly half of all of Western Europe. Moreover, this would encompass or threaten sixty-five per cent of the Soviet Union's aluminum, forty-five per cent of its yearly coal output, and twenty-eight per cent of its electric power.

Further evidence of growing Soviet wariness is a new Soviet policy toward refugees from China. Some seventy thousand Kazakhs and Uigurs were at one time reported by the Russians to have fled from Sinkiang to Soviet territory after their unsuccessful uprising of 1962 against the Chinese. But it seems that with a few exceptions, Moscow has recently stopped admitting refugees because it is afraid of giving Mao one more excuse to step up his militancy against Russia.

INDEED, one of the bases for Chinese claims is that comparatively few Russians live in those parts of Central Asia which border on China. Tadzhik, Kirghiz, Kazakh, Uigur, and other native stocks predominate. These people are yellow or bronze in complexion, and thus racially closer to the Chinese than to the Russians. The ancestors of these people recognized their allegiance or at least sent their tribute to the Middle Kingdom. They rightfully belong to China, says Mao.

The Chinese claim to the Kazakh lands is particularly shrill, partly because their annexation is the most recent and partly because Kazakhstan both industrially and agriculturally is especially alluring to the Great China men in Peking, but mostly because Kazakhstan is next door to Sinkiang, which is attractive to the Russians. Sinkiang —administratively called the Sinkiang-Uigur Autonomous Region— is the vast oil- and uranium-rich area which the Russians have penetrated before on two or three occasions and would like to take over if they had a chance to re-enter, especially now that it contains China's new nuclear-power testing grounds. Here the Chinese, although increasing steadily since 1949 and the Russian departure, are still outnumbered by the indigenous Kazakhs and Uigurs, or Eastern Turks, the largest of the province's fourteen ethnic groups, who do not like the Chinese, are restless (stirred up by Soviet agents, Peking says), and give their support to the local anti-Maoists. Before the Russians clamped down, thousands of Kazakhs had fled to Soviet Kazakhstan in the preceding four years. Of some 4,000,000 Uigurs who were in Sinkiang in 1960, other thousands have fled to Afghanistan and Turkey as well as Soviet Central Asia.

The Uigurs first came from nearby in Central Asia into Sinkiang in the sixth century. Beginning as Buddhists, they were soon converted to Nestorian Christianity by some wandering missionaries, and then changed to the Moslem faith. In the thirteenth century they participated in the Mongol invasions of Europe, where their name became synonymous with ferocity. (From it, the seventeenth-century French writer Charles Perrault coined the word "ogre.") Today's Uigurs are peaceful people noted for their uncommon ability as mechanics.

The Minorities

The Soviet press, in line with its pacification policy, does not give much news of the flight of Uigurs and Kazakhs from China. In a rare account in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* for January 25, six Kazakhs and Uigurs were interviewed about their experiences in Sinkiang before their flight. Among these was one Samedi, who described Chinese detention camps as full of Uigurs and Kazakhs considered "unreliable." Another defector, a former lieutenant colonel of the Red Chinese Army, where he had earned eight decorations, reported that life for China's national minorities became especially difficult after communes had been established for them, and that "it was in fact forbidden to speak in the native tongue in public places." Another refugee said that "Kazakh, Uigur, and Kirghiz girls were forced under threat of death to marry Chinese." He added that the Red Guards in Sinkiang were cutting off the girls' traditional tresses and forbidding them to wear their national costume. "Millions of Chinese have already moved into Sinkiang. The native population is being banished from their ancient lands to the desolate desert interior of the country."

There are also occasional Soviet dispatches from non-Soviet parts of Asia to show how bad the situation is for the non-Chinese minorities in southwestern China. In February, *Izvestia* printed a dispatch from its Rangoon correspondent telling of the arrival on Burmese territory of three hundred men, women, and children from China's frontier areas. "These Chinese citizens," the dispatch said, "declared that they had been forced to leave their native

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land because of the Red Guard excesses." The Russian correspondent made it clear that this was not the first such flight and that many refugees had been lost on the way.

The Amur-Ussuri frontier is only a little less tense than the Kazakhstan-Sinkiang border. Lately the Chinese have been issuing myriad regulations and prohibitions to Soviet ship captains on the Amur. The Russians disregard them, but not too freely, for there is occasional gunfire from the Chinese.

The New Siberians

The non-Russians in the Russian Far East are in a decided minority, and the Soviets want to keep it that way. The once-numerous Chinese and Koreans were removed—either sent home or resettled—during Stalin's régime.

A constant effort is being made to replenish the Russian population by fresh migrants from west of the Urals. But the journey from Moscow to the Pacific is 5,775 miles long, the trip by train taking a total of seven and a half days. Furthermore, because of both the severe climate and the logistics, food costs 6.7 per cent more than in European Russia, clothes 16.6 per cent more, and fuel 108.6 per cent more. And so, despite all the wage bonuses and other inducements, many Russians leave Siberia after a short try. The return traffic of would-be pioneers is especially heavy from northern Siberia; fully half of skilled Soviet personnel agreeing to go to Norilsk and other cities there return every year. Even the more fertile and bustling western Siberia area barely holds its inhabitants. An official Soviet report of March, 1966, revealed that in the five years between 1959 and 1963 some 250,000 more people left Siberia than had moved there. Soviet experts have calculated that in the current Five-Year Plan the eastern parts of Siberia alone would need 400,000 workers, "but if the present exodus does not cease, we will have to increase our calculation of needed immigration several-fold."

Prospects are brighter in Central Asia. Fewer of the European Russians who have migrated to Kazakhstan or Uzbekistan return. Thousands of women workers have moved from Central Russia and the Volga area to the giant textile plants of Central Asia, lured partially by the warmer climate but primarily by the prospect of finding husbands, in short supply in the textile centers of European Russia.

Men and Weapons

The latest western intelligence estimates Chinese forces in Sinkiang and along the Amur River at 500,000, and on the borders of Outer Mongolia at another 500,000. This is the result of the regrouping of Red Chinese regular troops within the last year. The million soldiers facing the Soviet empire are about forty per cent of Mao's army. (Western estimates of its strength vary from 2,400,000 to 3,500,000.) A rapid mobilization of civilian reserves, particularly of the older teenagers among the Red Guards, would of course swell the Chinese force to mammoth proportions. It has been reported, however, that of China's 120 regular divisions, only four are armored.

Right now the Soviets have 225,000 of their own soldiers facing the Chinese borders as well as an unknown number of their Outer Mongolian allies. The Russian contingent there is reported to have been strengthened recently by a transfer of thirteen divisions from Europe. This may include some 50,000 soldiers rumored to have been brought there from East Germany. If it does, they represent at least a sixth of the more than 300,000 Soviet occupation troops. One known fact that seems to support the rumor of a Germany-to-Asia move is that the new commander of the vital Trans-Baikal Military District has been identified as the former deputy commander of the Soviet forces in Germany.

The latest Soviet preparations include the installation of numerous launching pads for intermediate-range missiles along the banks of the Amur, also in the vicinity of Omsk and Irkutsk, and farther south in Kirghizia. 120 Soviet submarines are berthed in Russia's Far Eastern ports, notably in Vladivostok, which is now practically closed to foreign visitors. Of these, forty are missile-equipped—half of all the Soviet subs of this category.

Enough of the powerful Soviet Air Force is concentrated in Central Asia and Siberia to discourage the Chinese. Mao's planes are no match. Most of his total of 2,500-3,000 planes of various types are either old Soviet makes or built on old Soviet models. The thirty or so Chinese submarines are also either Soviet-built or constructed from blueprints incautiously left behind by departing Russian technicians in 1960. A Japanese rumor says that the Chinese are trying to build their own Polaris-type nuclear submarines.

China can hit the Soviet Union

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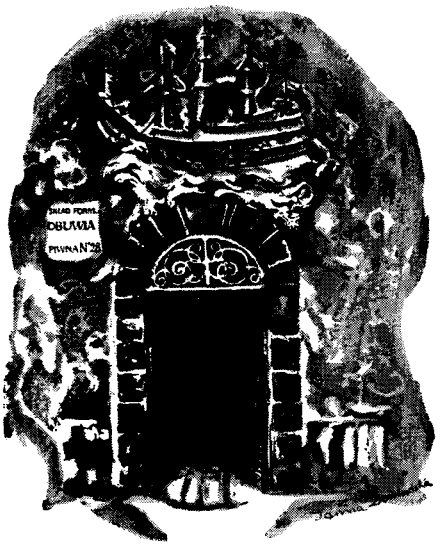
with its intermediate ballistic missiles, but it would suffer far greater retaliation from the Russians. And even though China may be able to test its first ICBM sometime this year, in the opinion of Secretary of Defense McNamara it won't have a significant arsenal of ICBMs before the mid-1970's.

THE SOVIET PRESS carefully records each time a Chinese leader announces an imminent Soviet attack on Red China. Soviet leaders regard such declarations, along with the recent harassment of the Soviet embassy personnel in Peking, as calculated attempts to provoke the Soviet Union into an all-out war. In response, the Russians protest but do not attack, meanwhile increasing their military preparations on the tense and tumultous China borders. Stalin's heirs learned one bitter lesson from his errors: all through the spring of 1941 he thought that it would be totally illogical of Hitler to war upon the Soviet Union while Britain had not yet been defeated; all that spring he failed to take proper military precautions. Now in 1967 it may seem preposterous to expect a military adventure from Mao, beset as he is with domestic problems and militarily weak as he is in comparison with the Russians. But to Stalin's heirs this eventuality does not seem farfetched. They are familiar with the illogic of a dictator who seeks greater troubles as an escape from his lesser ones.

Even though attacks on Russians in China stopped abruptly in mid-February (with a brief flare-up in late March), and in early April news was received of a Sino-Soviet agreement to facilitate Soviet aid to Hanoi, the danger of war continues to be intermittently stressed in both countries.

Whenever the Russians are told that they worry too much about an attack from China, they like to quote this story, familiar the world over:

A dog jumped at a passerby, barking ferociously. The man picked up a heavy stick and stood his guard. "Don't be silly," said a neighbor. "Drop that stick. Don't you know that a barking dog never bites?" "Yes," replied the man, still clutching the stick, "I know and you know, but does the dog know?"



The Intellectual Revolt In Poland

TIBOR SZAMUELY

ON JANUARY 8, Peter Raina, a young Indian leftist scholar, was expelled from Poland, where he had lived and worked for more than four years. It was a harrowing experience: Raina was held at the East German border for almost twelve hours while Polish guards methodically went through his belongings, reading every scrap of paper. Finally they let him go after confiscating a three-hundred-page manuscript of a biography of Communist Party Secretary Wladyslaw Gomulka on which he had been working, with official encouragement and help, for about two years.

Raina had come to Poland full of sympathy for the Gomulka régime. He learned to love the country, its language and culture. Warsaw University gave him a doctorate. Wanting to see only the best, for a long time he resolutely dismissed all western criticisms as propaganda. He wrote letters to the foreign press attacking western correspondents for their lack of understanding of Poland and accusing them, among other things, of slandering the Ministry of Interior Affairs. Thus it came as a shock to be called an enemy of the state by that very ministry and to be ordered by it to leave the country within forty-eight hours.

When he finally reached West Germany, Dr. Raina unburdened his disillusionment to the press, broadcast to Poland on Radio Free Europe, and made public a scathing letter he had written to the Polish Minister of Interior Affairs. His story is informative, for it sheds light on some little-known aspects of what is probably the most important process at present taking place in Poland: the new ferment among the intellectuals.

Lament for October

Since about 1960, Warsaw University, and particularly its departments of the humanities and social sciences, has become the center of disaffection spreading among the younger generation of intellectuals. In November, 1964, the security police arrested a group of the university's young lecturers and students. One of the lecturers was Karol Modzelewski, a stepson of the late Polish Communist Foreign Minister and a leader of the pro-Gomulka student movement of 1956. They were all accused of having circulated a paper criticizing the Communist system in Poland. Although soon released, five of them were expelled from the party.

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Administrative sanctions, usually an effective warning, didn't work this time. Modzelewski and a friend, Jacek Kuron, composed an open letter to the party. When they distributed it in March, 1965, they were immediately rearrested. No one was surprised, for the document was a devastating indictment—couched in impeccable Marxist terms—of Poland under Gomulka: "To whom does power belong in our state?" the authors asked. "To one monopolistic party—the Polish United Workers' Party. . . . The decisions of the elite are independent, free of any control on the part of the working class and of the remaining classes and social strata."

The Poland which Modzelewski and Kuron described and analyzed with a wealth of statistical and other evidence is, in fact, the familiar Stalinist system—which Communist leaders and wishful thinkers in the West insist was swept away in the cleansing aftermath of the 1956 Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party. But it was the authors' conclusion that was intolerable to the authorities: "In view of the impossibility of overcoming the economic and social crisis within the framework of the bureaucratic system, revolution is inevitable." Modzelewski and Kuron were tried in July, 1965, behind closed doors, with the courthouse surrounded by a tense crowd of students. They were sentenced to three and a half and three years respectively.

This, however, was far from the end of the affair. Modzelewski and Kuron had been voluntarily defended in court by some of the most esteemed figures of Polish intellectual life: Antoni Slonimski, the dean of Polish writers, and Professors Tadeusz Kotarbinski, Leopold Infeld, and Leszek Kolakowski. It was Kolakowski who occupied the center of the stage. His reputation and popularity as a champion of intellectual and political freedom—and as Poland's leading Marxist philosopher—was established in the "Polish October" of 1956. He was one who rallied the intellectuals and students behind Gomulka and the ideal of rebuilding Polish Communism on an ethical, libertarian, and humanistic foundation.

Today his fiery declarations of ten years ago may well seem naïve—not least to Kolakowski himself—but at the time they conveyed hope. In his ideological credo, published in 1957, Kolakowski argued that the true Communist's place was on the side of the oppressed and the persecuted: "No one is exempt from the moral duty to fight against a system or rule, a doctrine or social conditions which he considers to be vile and inhuman, by resorting to the argument that he considers them historically necessary." Through the sad years of Gomulka's gradual repudiation of all that he seemed to represent in 1956, Professor Kolakowski had retreated into semi-passivity. The case of Modzelewski and Kuron forced him again to face up to the dilemma of the idealistic Communist in a repressive Communist state.

It is at this point that young Peter Raina enters the story. Dr. Raina was a devoted admirer of Kolakowski, and he unhestitatingly joined his professor in protesting the sentences given the two teachers.

Last year, the party leadership decided to stamp out student unrest and began a series of repressive measures directed against Warsaw University; a number of students were expelled, new disciplinary rules were introduced, party control was tightened. The restrictions brought a wave of even more vociferous indignation. Protest meetings were held, delegations dispatched, signatures collected. There were noisy scenes at the 1966 May Day demonstration.

In the meantime, ever-increasing pressure we being applied to Leszek Kolakowski. In March, 1966, he was summoned before the party Control Commission and called upon to submit a declaration retracting his views. Despite a grueling interrogation, he remained obdurate. The climax came on October 21, the tenth anniversary of the uprising that had swept Gomulka to power. A commemorative meeting was held in the history department of the university, at which Kolakowski spoke for about half an hour. His message, as reported in a Polish paper in London, was on the order of an obituary of freedom in his country:

"Genuine democracy is lacking here. There is very little public choice of the leaders. Thus, the leadership, which is not really elected, becomes conceited, self-assured. There is no opposition; hence there is no confrontation between those who are in power and those who are without. . . .

"The government does not feel responsible to the nation. The system of privileges is prevalent. These privileges exist for a few outside the law. . . . Public criticism is lacking. Free assembly is nonexistent. Censorship is extremely severe. . . .

"All this has weakened society, for there is no perspective, no hope. The state, the party, the society are the victims of stagnation. There is therefore nothing to celebrate."

Speaker after speaker rose to re-

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iterate the main points of this comprehensive indictment. Among them was Peter Raina. Two resolutions were moved: one demanding the introduction of freedom of speech and the abolition of censorship and political repression, the other calling for the immediate release of Modzelewski and Kuron. Although the motions were not allowed to be put to a vote, the thunderous acclaim with which they were received spoke for itself.

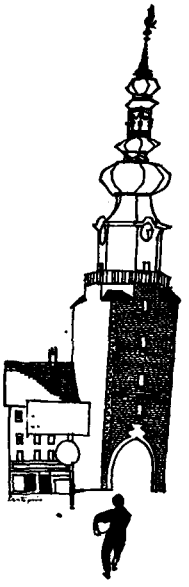
Unity in Protest

Next day Professor Kolakowski was summarily expelled from the party. In the following few days his assistant was also expelled, six students were suspended, and seven others were sent before the university's disciplinary commission. A systematic campaign of calumny was mounted with the object of discrediting Kolakowski, who was accused of being "a tool in the hands of the imperialists."

On November 15, the university organization of the Communist Party held a general meeting; it was addressed by Zenon Kliszko—the secretary of the Central Committee, the chief party theoretician, and Gomulka's second-in-command—and by Stanislaw Kociolek, first secretary of the Warsaw committee of the party. Kliszko trotted out all the clichés about the perils of revisionism; Kociolek went straight to the point: "I am against discussions, dialogues, and seminars. The unity of the party is supreme. Discipline is the cardinal principle of the life of the party." Instead of giving the expected dutiful assent, the assembled university Communists launched an attack on the party's leadership. Kliszko, driven into a corner, protested: "I didn't come to this meeting to present any explanations. I came to listen to them." Similar stormy scenes were repeated at party meetings held in other leading cultural institutions. The intelligentsia clearly was getting out of hand.

The conflict spread fast. On November 25, fifteen writers, all active members of the party and regular contributors to official periodicals, sent a letter to the Central Committee expressing their solidarity with Professor Kolakowski and demanding his reinstatement. The response of the party bureaucracy remained doctrinaire—and ineffectual. The writers were summoned to the Central Committee, where, one by one, they refused to withdraw their protest. Six of them, including prewar Communists, driven at length into rebellion against the beliefs of a lifetime, resigned from the party. Seven others were suspended. Nor was the party leadership any more successful in its dealings with the Writers' Union as a whole. At a special meeting of the party organization of the union's Warsaw sections (numbering about a hundred members) that was convened to condemn the actions of Kolakowski and his supporters, only one speaker supported the official line.

It would be wrong to assume that all those who joined this broad front of intellectual dissent necessarily subscribe to Modzelewski's or



Kolakowski's views. The principle that unites them is opposition to the stifling system of Communist conformity, to the totalitarian controls over thought and speech and writing, to the subjugation of the intellect and the prostitution of culture. Yet, as the history of Communism—whether in Poland, the Soviet Union, or any other "socialist" state—has shown, the party cannot afford to compromise this control. The result it has achieved in Poland has been the successive alienation of the intellectual community, and with every new purge the area of revolt grows wider.

Peter Raina's letter to the Minister of Interior Affairs summed up the sense of betrayal.

"A few days ago," he wrote, "when I went to the militia headquarters in order to have my visa extended, I was greatly surprised by the decision of the militia not to extend my stay in Poland. I was aghast at the motivation of this decision, namely that I have a hostile attitude toward Poland. . . .

"For the first time in my life I came against a case when the control of university life was exercised by secret agents of the Ministry of Interior Affairs. . . .

"I never had any treacherous intentions towards Poland. I always defended Polish interest. I published abroad letters which criticized foreign correspondents for their lack of understanding of Poland. I endeavored within the limits of my possibilities to spread Polish culture through numerous translations of Polish literature. I feel, therefore, greatly injured by the mendacious accusations formulated against me by the Ministry of Interior Affairs. I am writing to you that thanks to the activity of agents of the Ministry of Interior Affairs at the university, everybody is governed by fear and one cannot behave normally and calmly at seminars and meetings. I am ashamed for the university and its leadership that things have come to such a pass that low and dirty methods are applied to students, methods that recall the times of fascism and its terror. Methods applied to me during the last few days at the militia headquarters (to wit, the denial of any possibility of explaining things) recall to my mind the methods of Stalinism.

". . . the events of the last days convinced me that all the ministries, the university, the whole cultural life, the political parties, the parliament, were subject to orders of the Ministry of Interior Affairs from which there was no appeal and that nobody had the courage to dare even to make a rightful protest against unjust treatment."

A fair description of a country which was only recently being advertised as a showplace of "liberal" Communism—and a melancholy epitaph to the illusions of an idealist who learned about Communism the hard way.

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GLOSSARY

Stifling Airs and Clumsy Graces

IN *The King's English,* Fowler made fun of pretentious language under the chapter heading "Airs and Graces." Our airs and graces are neither airy nor graceful, however, being elephantine decorations that have been dragged in by the tail from popular works on economics, sociology, and anthropology. These are terms such as "affluent," "ethnic," and "power structure" ("crisis in the cities" bids fair to join the list), which give a sort of drizzle of knowingness to an otherwise unremarkable statement. Their distinctive feature is that they hint at much more meaning than they actually convey.

Affluent came into use as a vaguely censorious way of saying "rich" after the publication of John Kenneth Galbraith's book. It used to be the kind of word one associated with Emily Post's Mrs. Wellborn, who never was crass about things when she could be dainty. Now all that has changed. Even when a writer or speaker appears to mean nothing more complicated than "rich" in the sense of having a lot of money, often as not he will eschew the word (or "prosperous" or any other variant) for the newly portentous "affluent." It brings intimations of economic doctrine, whether or not they are relevant to the subject at hand, and it also manages to imply, without the addition of a single word or thought, that the group of persons or the community that is affluent wouldn't be nearly as affluent if it were putting its money to better use or if it had a more highly developed sense of public duty and private values.

Ethnic leads many lives, most of them regrettable. It has come into general use as a courteous way of saying "Negro" for persons who feel that "Negro" is a term of disrespect. These may be divided into two broad categories: those who are merely averting their gaze and those who are trying to be scientific and therefore helpful. The first are mostly politicians who, in the aftermath of ruling against some civil-rights measure or other, will express their fundamental concern for the welfare of "ethnic groups," the usage having become a handy substitute for that equally pompous mouthful, "racereligioncreedornationalorigin." In its pseudoscientific incarnation, "ethnic" appears to provide what might be called the Anthropological Out. It manages to suggest that a person's "ethnic background" is more interesting than it is reprehensible and, in any event, is certainly not his fault. Probably it is the toniest of the patronizing clichés, but when you replace it with words such as "Puerto Rican," or "Mexican" or "Negro," the effect can be surprising. The statement may take on an unexpectedly racist cast. Apparently it is easier to discuss people's characteristics as a racial or foreign-born class when you think of them as being "ethnic."

Power structure became current in the early 1960's, usually prefaced by the word "white." The concept owes much to C. Wright Mills's book *The Power Elite,* possibly even its oddly inverted syntax. Mills's idiosyncratic appraisal of how power is acquired and expended in American political life was reduced to shorthand and injected into the controversy over civil rights that began to heat up in 1963. The "white power structure" was said to be a small group of public officials, businessmen, and leading citizens who controlled the fate of everyone else who happened to live within their purview. In particular they controlled the fate of ethnic agitators, but in this respect they were by no means all bad: the "white power structure" went a certain way toward accommodation and improvement of the average citizen's lot—only they never went any farther than they had to. Who were they? No one ever said, and the mystery was part of their attraction. From 1963 onward, to judge from the press, "power structures" began to spring up in cities and hamlets all around the country. The most that could be said of them, from a careful reading of news accounts, was that they seemed to combine all the worst features of the Detroit Economic Club and the Elders of Zion.

IT IS POSSIBLE, however, to hazard a speculation or two about the makeup and organization of these curious aggregations. One is that they may be composed of the same officials, businessmen, and leading citizens who were known a few years ago as "white moderates," and whom everyone was calling on to get into the battle. Another is that they always seem to emerge in the news when their particular community has become the scene of uncontrollable riot and disorder—a circumstance suggesting that the "white power structure" is often deficient in both power and structure.

Be that as it may, "power structure," like "ethnic" and "affluent" as well as all their pretentious cousins, appears to have become fixed in our prose. The longer such terms are around, however, the more tenuous their connection becomes with their social-scientific ancestors. Their meaning, in other words, is subject to what is known in the aircraft industry as a "fast rate of sink." On April 30, the Los Angeles *Times* correspondent in Hong Kong explained a story this way: "The supply to the Vietcong may be at the heart of Sihanouk's difficulties, since it involves a large part of the Cambodian power structure."

—MEG GREENFIELD

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Canals

ALAN SILLITOE

When Dick received the letter saying his father hadn't long to live he put a black tie in his pocket, got leave from the school where he taught, and took the first train up.

In a tunnel his face was reflected clearly, brown eyes shadowed underneath from the pressure of a cold that had been trying to break out but that his willpower still held back. He considered that there had never been a good photograph taken of him, certainly none reflecting the fine image he saw when looking in the mirror of a thin-faced, hard, sensitive man whose ancestors must all have had similar bones and features. But photographs showed him weak, a face that couldn't retain its strength at more than one angle, and that people might look at and not know whether this uncertainty was mere charm or a subtle and conscious form of deception. He had a wide mouth and the middling forehead of a practical man whose highest ambition was, once upon a time, to be a good toolsetter, until he joined the army and discovered that he was intelligent in a more worldly sense. And when he left he knew that he would never go into a factory again.

In his briefcase was a shirt and two handkerchiefs his wife had forced on him at the last moment, as well as a razor, and some magazines scooped up in case he had nothing to think about on the journey.

Sitting in the dining car for lunch, alone yet surrounded by many people, he remembered his mother saying, when he was leaving home ten years before: "Well, you'll always be able to come back. If you can't come home again, where can you go?" But on a visit after four years he walked into the house and, apart from a brief hello, nobody turned from the television set to greet him, though they'd been a close-blooded family and on and off the best of friends all their lives.

So he never really went back, didn't see himself as the sort of person who ever would. Whether he ever went forward or not was another question, but he certainly knew there was no profit in looking back. He preferred a new block of flats to a cathedral any day, a good bus service to a Rembrandt or historic ruin, though he realized it was better to have *all* these things and not be in the position of having to choose.

He remembered his father saying: "A good soldier never looks back. He don't even polish the backs of his boots. You can see your face in the toecaps, though." His father had never been a soldier, yet this was his favorite saying—because he'd never been forward anywhere, either.

So the only time he did go back was when his father was dying. It wasn't a question of having to, or even thinking about it: he just went, stayed for a week while his father died and got buried, then came back, leaving his mother in charge of brothers and sisters, even though he was the eldest son.

He stayed with his father day and night for three days except when he queued for pills at the all-night chemist's downtown. He felt there was no need to make a song-and-dance about anyone dying, even your own father, because you should have done that while they were alive. He hoped he'd get better, yet knew he wouldn't. At fifty-four a lavish and royal grip of rottenness that refused to let go had got him in the head, a giant invisible cancerous rat with the dullest yet most tenacious teeth in the world pressing its way through that parchment skull. He sweated to death, died at a quarter to five in the afternoon, and no one had ever told him he was going to die.

His mother didn't shed a tear. She was afraid of death and of her husband, hated him with reason because he had always without intending it turned her onto the monstrous path of having no one to hate but herself. She had hardly been in to see him during the last three days, and neither had his two daughters. Dick and his brother held each other in an embrace, two grown men unable to stop themselves sobbing like children.

A young thin woman of the neighborhood laid the father out, and Dick went to get the doctor, who

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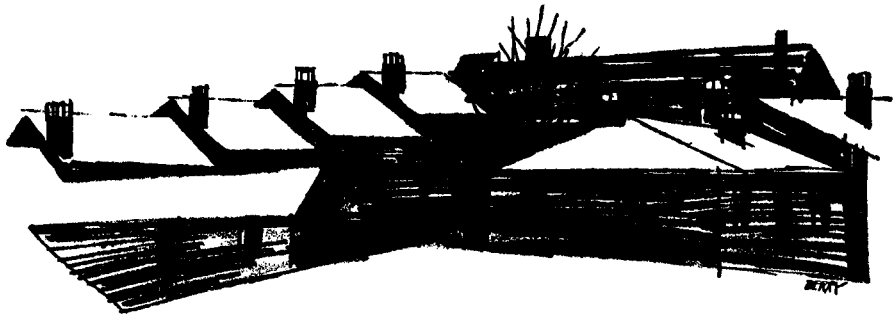
filled in a death certificate without bothering to come and see that his patient had actually died.

The undertakers took him away. The mattress was rolled up and put outside for the dustbin men. Then the bed he'd laid on was folded back into a settee, making the small room look empty—all within an hour of him dying. An aunt who'd also lost her husband hadn't shed a tear either. Maybe it runs in the family, he thought. At the funeral, walking from the house to the waiting car, his mother wept for the first and last time—in front of all the neighbors. Of his father's five brothers none came to see him off, though all knew of it. It was almost as if he'd died in the middle of a battlefield, there were so few witnesses. But at least he didn't know about it, and may not have worried much if he had. And who am I to talk, Dick wondered, much later. I never went back to his grave, and I doubt if anyone else did, either. His mother's lack of tears didn't strike him as strange at the time considering the life she and their father had led.

Between the death and burial he was nut-loose and roaming free. At first, the brothers, sisters, and mother went out together in the evenings, sticking close in a single corner of a barroom snug, not talking except to stand up and ask who wanted what. Once they went to the pictures, but afterwards drifted into their separate ways.

It was early May, and all he wanted to do was walk. The low small sky of the bedroom ceiling had turned to blue, white angels and angles of cloud shifting across between factory and house skyline. It was vast above, and made the streets look even smaller. He hated them, wished a fire-tailed rocket would spin from the sky and wash them clean with all-enduring phosphorus. He was thirty-three, and old enough to know better than wish for that, or to think it would come when he wanted it to, or that it would make any difference if ever it did.



THE GREATEST INSTINCT is to go home again, the unacknowledged urge of the deracinated, the exiles—even when it isn't admitted. The only true soul is the gypsy's, and he takes home and family with him wherever he drifts. The nomad pushes his roots about like the beetle his ball of dung, lives on what he scavenges from the rock and sand of the desert. It's a good man or woman who evades it and is not poisoned precisely because he has avoided it while knowing all about it. One takes on the soul of the Slav, and if you can eventually find that sort of soul it falls around you like a robe and makes you feel like a king. The wandering Jew carried the secret of creation in the pocket of his long overcoat, and now he has plowed it into the fields of Israel. The Siberian nomad has formed his collective or joined a work gang on some giant dam that will illuminate the wilderness his ancestors were free to wander in. Is the desert then all that is left? If the houses and factories stretching for miles around are a desert for one's soul, then maybe the desert itself is the Garden of Eden, even if one dries up and dies in it.

But he knew at the same time that life had two sides, and a base line set firmly on the earth. The good air was blowing through the fresh-leafed trees of the cemetery he was passing. There was moss between the sandstone lumps of the wall, well-bedded and livid where most damp had got at it. Between spring and summer there was a conscious feeling to the year, a mellow blight of reminiscence and nostalgia blending with the softening sweet air of late afternoon. The atmosphere made buildings and people stand out clearly, as if the meadow-and-water clouds of the Trent had not dispersed and still held that magical quality of light while passing high over the hills and rooftops of the city. It was a delight to be alive and walking, and for some reason he wanted the day to go on forever. There was a terrible beauty in the city he belonged to that he had never found anywhere else.

He walked over Bobbers' Mill bridge, far enough out to smell soil of allotment gardens, loam of fields, water of the millracing Leen that had streamed down from beyond Newstead. In spite of petrol, the reek of upholstery, and fag smoke coming from a bus door when it stopped near him, he held on to this purity of vision that made him believe life was good and worth living.

He walked by the railway bank and through the allotment gardens—still exactly there from fifteen years ago. Feeling himself too old to be indulging in such fleshly reminiscence, he enjoyed it all the more, not as a vice but as if it were food to a starving man. Every elm tree, oak tree, apple tree, lime tree represented a leaning post for kisses, a pausing place to talk and rest at, light cigarettes, wait while Marian fastened her coat or put on more lipstick. Every wooden gateway in the tall hedges that were as blind as walls brought to mind the self-indulgent embraces and lovemaking of his various courting mates. Different generations of thrushes were still loud in the same treetops, hawthorn, and privet, except that their notes and noise were more exactly the same.

The brook was as usual stagnant, yet water came from somewhere, green button-eyed weed making patterns on the surface to blot out cloud reflections and blue sky. Tadpoles had passed away and young frogs were jumping under the unreachable part of the hedge. To observe all this, connect it to his past life and give it no part in his future made him feel an old man, certainly far older than he was. Maybe he was merely mature, when what you saw and thought about no

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longer drove you on to the next action of your life no matter how small that action turned out to be.

The uterine flight of reminiscence, the warm piss of nostalgia as he stood by a hedge and relieved himself where the shaded pathway stretched emptily in both directions, was a way of filling in the void that a recent death created, especially the death of a person whose life had been utterly unfulfilled—of which there are so many, and which makes you feel it deeply because on the watershed of such sorrow you sense that your life too could turn out at the end to have been equally unfulfilled. The vital breezes of clean air shaking the hedgetops don't let such thoughts stay long. The lack of your own persistence in real life is often bad, while the lack of it in self-destroying thoughts at such times as this is occasionally good.

THE CANAL had dried up, been dammed and drained and in places built over. In the mouldering soft color of dusk he walked from one bank to another. The old stone bridge had been allowed to drop into the canal below and fill it in, hump and all, and a white-lined and tarmacked road had been laid straight across it.

He followed what was left, walked along its old towpath towards the country. A large open pond lay down to the right with indistinct banks except for a scrap of wood on the western side now touched by a barleycorn dip of the sun. A smell of raw smoke and water was wafted in his direction. The headstocks of the colliery where his grandfather had worked blocked off an opposite view, and it was so close that the noise of turbines and generators made a fitting counterpoint to reawakening senses.

It was dark by the time he stepped into the Ramrod and Musket and ordered a pint of beer. A fire burned in one of the side rooms, and he sat by it, loosening his raincoat. Everyone he saw, he felt pity for. The wells of it had not stopped pumping, and the light of it was too blinding for him to turn it round on himself, a beam he alone could explore the world with, prise it from the darkness it lived in. He had come here thinking he might meet someone known from years ago, though he would never acknowledge such a lapse in case its nerve-racking mixture of pride and weakness might poison all hope in him.

Going outside to the back, there was no bulb in the socket to light his way. Indigo had faded completely from the sky, and he stepped slowly across the yard with eyes shut tight, under the illusion that he could see better than if he walked with them open and arms held out for fear of colliding with something.

The liquid in his pint went down, a spiritual nilometer latched by the river of his momentarily stilled life. He felt comfortable, hearing the homely accents of the few other men dealing out chitchat that in London he wouldn't give tuppence for. Nostalgia was sweet, and he allowed it to seep into him with a further jar of beer. The others sat back from the fire, glasses set on labeled mats, sliding them around to make a point.

He hated beer after the third pint, a senseless waterlogging of the body that adiposed it to the earth one tried to get away from. He thought of going on to another place when no one came in that he knew, but considered a pub crawl futile—except that the ground covered between them is different and shakes the stuff to a lower level to make room for more. Otherwise stay at the first one you stumble into.

The more he drank the more his cold bothered him. Death and the funeral had held it off, but now it spread the poison and color of infection, a slight shifting of every feature from its spot-on proportion in order to recoup the truth and clarity of things past. One's feelings were important during a cold, in showing what you are really like and what stirs your mind from one decade to the next. It was almost as if the real you was a reactionary because it rooted you so firmly to the past without calling on detail as a support, giving it the slightly sick air which all reactionaries must have as a permanent condition. In so many cases the only key to the past is sentimentality—unless one has that cold or sickness which puts it in its place. He had reviled the past, but to loathe something was the first step to understanding it, just as to love something was the first step towards abandoning it. The past is a cellar, twisting catacombs or filled-in canals, but a cellar in which you have to walk in order to put a bullet into the back of the head of whatever monarch may be ruling too autocratically there. Only you have to tread slowly, warily, to make sure you get the right one, because if by any chance you get the wrong one you might end up putting a bullet into the back of your own head.

HE WAS MARRIED, and had three children, one of them a few weeks old, so that his wife had not been able to come up from London with him. It was years since he had been so alone, and it was like a new experience, which he did not quite know how to handle, or realize what might come of it. People so alone rarely had chance meetings, yet the day after his father had died, walking across the city center on his way to register the death he heard someone from the rooftops calling his name.

He didn't think he was hearing things, or going mad, because it was not in his nature to do so. His physical build seemed absolutely to preclude it. But he stopped, looked, then felt foolish at having been mistaken. It was a fine, blustery Nottingham day, with green double-decker buses almost surrounding the market square, and few people actually crossing the road.

"Dick!" The voice came again, but he walked away since it was obviously some workman shouting to his mate. "Dick! Dick!" The voice was closer, so he stopped to light a cigarette in case it really wasn't meant for him.

His cousin came scurrying down a series of ladders and dropped on the pavement a few yards away. He was, as the saying goes, "all over him"—they hadn't met for so long, and had been such close friends, born on the same fish day of March, a wild blizzarding day in which no fish had a chance of swimming.

Bernard was thin and wiry, even through the old jacket and trousers of a builders' laborer. His gray eyes were eager with friendship, and they embraced on the street: "I didn't

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know you was in Nottingham," he said fussily. "Why didn't you write and tell me? Fancy meeting like this." He laughed about it, seeing himself as having climbed down from the sky like a monkey.

"I came up all of a sudden. How did you recognize me from right up there?"

"Your face. And that walk. I'd know it anywhere."

"Dad was ill. He died last night."

"Uncle Joe?" he took off his cap, pushed back fair and matted hair in the wind, bewildered at the enormity of the event and, Dick thought, at not being able to say anything about it.

"He had cancer."

There was a pub nearby: "Let's go for a drink," Bernard said.

"Won't the foreman mind?"

"I expect so. Come on. They've had enough sweat out of me. I'm sorry Joe died."

THEY SAT in the otherwise empty bar. "Come up and see us all before you go back," he said. "We'd be glad if you would. I don't know what you live in London for, honest I don't. There's plenty of schools you could teach at in Nottingham. They're crying out for teachers, I'll bet. I suppose it's a bit of a dump, but you can't beat it. At least I don't reckon so."

"It's all right," Dick said, "but London's where I belong—if I belong anywhere." They talked as if it were on the other side of the world, which it was against the background of their common memories—even further.

"Well, you can't beat the town you were brought up in—dragged up, I mean!" Bernard said. Dick remembered, and talked about it before he could stop himself, of when they were children, and he and Bernard used to go around houses asking for old rags and scrap, which they would then sell for picture money and food. The houses whose gardens backed onto the recreation ground were somewhat better off than the ones they lived in, and therefore good for pickings. At one a youngish woman gave them bread and jam and cups of tea, which they gladly accepted. They didn't call often, and not many others went around to spoil their pitch. And

yet, good as she was, sweet as the tea and jam tasted, they couldn't keep going there. There was some slight feeling of shame about it, probably quite unjustified, yet picked up by both of them all the same. Without even saying anything to each other they stopped calling. Dick wondered what the woman had thought, and whether she had missed them.

Though he remembered this common incident clearly, it soon became obvious that Bernard did not, and that his mind was a blank regarding it, though at first he had looked as if he did vaguely recollect it, and then as if he wanted to but couldn't quite pull it back. "Still," Dick said, laughing it away, "you can't go home again, I know that."

"You can't?" Bernard asked, full of surprise. "Why can't you?"

"I can't, anyway."

"You can do what you like, can't you?"

"Some people can."

They drank to it.

"Bring your wife and kids here to live. Get a house up Sherwood Rise. It's healthy there. They'll love it."

"I can't, because I don't want to."

He laughed. "Maybe you are better off down there, at that. I can't trap yo' into owt. I'm sorry about Uncle Joe though; Mam'll be upset when I tell her."

"It'll be in the paper today."

"She'll see it, then. Let me get you one now."

"Next time. I must be off."

Dick watched him ascend the ladders, up from the pavement to the first story, then to the second. From the roof he straddled a parapet, turned and looked down, a gargoyle for one moment, then he took off his cap and waved, a wide frantic smile on his far-off face. Dick had time to wave back before he leapt up and was hidden by a chimney stack.

THE PAST is like a fire—don't put your hand in it. And yet, what is to stop you walking through it upright, all of you, body and soul? It was a weekday and the pub hadn't filled up. Near to ten o'clock he couldn't bear the thought of going home. His impulse was to flee towards London, but he'd promised to stay on a few days. It was expected of him, and for once in his life he had to obey.

He'd called here often for a drink with Marian, though she'd always insisted on having her shandy outside because she wasn't yet eighteen, as if it would have made much difference. After a summer's night on Bramcote Hills the thirst was killing, and he drank more beer in those days than he could ever stomach now. The good food of London living had peppered his gut with ulcers—or so it felt, without having been to any doctor—and the heartburn was sure to grip him next day if he put back too much.

The last bus was at half past ten, and he thought he might as well walk home. Outside, fastening his coat in the lighted doorway, the in-

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sane idea came to call on Marian, to go down to the estate and knock on her door. Why think about it, if you intended doing it? The one advantage of dwelling on the past was to act without thought if you were to get the utmost from it. In that way, of course, it would end up getting the utmost out of you, but that was nothing to be afraid of.

Fifteen years was a long time, judging by the excitement the hope of meeting her again let loose in him. It was similar to that when they had been "going out" with each other for what seemed a decade, but which had not felt much like being in love at the time.

Having started factory work at fourteen, he was a seasoned man by the age of eighteen, and those four years had slowed down to become the longest in his life, possibly because there was an end to them which he hadn't foreseen at the time. In them, he grew up and died. His courtships had seemed eternal, even when they only lasted several months —looking back on them. The time with Marian went on longest of all, and being the last it was also the most important in that microcosmic life.

A FINE DRIZZLE powdered across the orange sodium lights of the housing estate. The roads were just as wide as he'd remembered them. If so little alters in a man's life, who but the most bigoted can believe in progress? Such a question came, he knew, of having too little faith, and of too complete immersion in a past so far away and severed that it couldn't be anything else but irrelevant fiction. Yet it didn't feel like it, and it did not disturb him that it didn't. The familiar dank smell of coal smoke hovered even along the wide avenues and crescents, and the closeness of his cigarette tasted the same in his mouth and nostrils as it had all those years ago. Privet hedges shone with water under the street lamps, and a well-caped railwayman rode by on a bicycle that seemed to have no light until only a yard away. He pulled up by the curb and the latch clattered as he went up the path and round to his own back door.

It was a good distance, yet he wished it were longer, both because he was apprehensive at meeting Marian and because it would spin out further the pleasant anticipation of her being at home. She'd been going with his friend Barry when he first met her, a carnal and passionate love similar to the one he at the time was pursuing with someone else. But Barry went into the army, driven from home by a black-haired bossy mother and a house full of sisters, lit off at seventeen into the Engineers just as the war ended. Letters and the occasional leave were no way to keep love's fires stoked between him and Marian, and one night Dick met her by chance and, on seeing her home, fell into honeyed and violent kisses by her gate. She agreed to see him again, and he didn't realize to what extent he had run his mate off until Barry clocked on with the army for twelve years and went straight off to Greece to serve two of them. They even stayed friends over it, yet the blow to Barry had been hard, as he admitted when they met, years later.

He made up his mind to turn at the next corner and go home, to leave the past in its matchwood compartment and not smash over it with the bulldozer of his useless and idiotic obsession. She would be out, or a husband would meet him at the door and tell him he'd got the wrong house. He smiled to remember how, during the war, an American soldier had called one night on the woman next door, as had been his habit for some months. But this time his opening of the door was answered by the husband, who had unexpectedly finished his stint on nights. The American stared unbelievingly at the pudgy and belligerent face. After a few seconds he backed out with the lame remark "Sorry, I thought it was a public house." The husband had accepted it as a genuine mistake, but there were some snide comments going around the street for a long time on how lucky Mrs. So-and-so was to have such a numbskull for a husband. So if Marian's husband was at home, or some man she might be living with, he'd merely say: "Is Mrs. Smith in?" and make some excuse about getting the number of the house wrong.

Having decided to go home and not be such a fool, he kept on his track towards Marian's as if locked in some deep and serpentine canal, unable to scale its side and get back to sane air. He even went more quickly, without feeling or thought or sense of direction. From the public house he had forgotten the exact streets to follow, but it didn't matter, for he simply walked looking mostly towards the ground, recognizing the shadows of a bus shelter, the precise spot reached by the spreading rays of a particular street lamp, the height of a curb, or twitchel posts at the end of a culde-sac.

HE FOUND the road and the number, opened the gate, and walked down the path with even more self-assurance than he ever had after courting her for a year. There was a light on in the living room. The fifteen years had not been a complete blank. He'd heard that her mother had died and that she had married a man who had been sent to prison and whom she had refused to see again. Barry also told him that there had been one child, a son. The first five years after they split up must have been agony to her, blow after blow, and it was as if he were going back now to see how she had borne the suffering that followed in his wake. But no, he could never admit to so much power. He stood at the back door, in darkness for some minutes, torn at last by the indecision that should have gripped him on his way there, and splintered by the remorse he might feel after he had left. The noise of a television set came from inside, music and crass speech that made it impossible to tell whether one or a dozen people were at home.

He too had gone into the army, and when her letters grew less frequent he was almost glad at the sense of freedom he felt. But her thoughts and feelings were not of the sort she could put easily in writing and transmit that way, as he found when they met on his first leave. Passion, because it was incommunicable, was her form of love. It was fully flowered and would go on forever with regard to him, incapable of development yet utterly complete. He expected letters, subtlety, variation, words, words, words, and couldn't stand the emptiness of such fulfillment. She could foresee no

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greater happiness than that they get married, and would have demanded little more than the most basic necessities of life. If he had been a man he would have accepted this, because he also loved her; and if he were a man now he would not have come back looking for her, unable to say what he wanted, whether it was love or chaos he hoped to resurrect.

IT WAS NO USE standing in the dark with such thoughts, so he knocked at the door. She opened it, set up the two steps in an oblong of pale orange light. "What do you want?" she said, seeing only a stranger and at this time of night. The protective voice of a boy called from inside: "Who is it, Mam?"

Regret, indecision, dread had gone, for he had acted, had the deepest instincts of his heart carried out for him, which really meant that he had been acted upon. He smiled, telling her who it was.

She repeated his name, and looked closer, eyes narrowing almost to a squint, "You! Fancy you!"

"Well," he said, "I was passing and thought I'd see if you still lived here."

She asked him in, and they stood in the small kitchen. He saw it was painted white instead of cream, had an electric stove in place of the old gas one, but with the same sink now patched and stained.

"Who is it, Mam?"

"I'm surprised you still knew where I lived."

"I don't suppose I could ever forget it. In any case it's not that long ago."

"No? It is, though."

"It doesn't feel like it to me."

But to look at her it was. And she was thinking the same. She seemed taller, was more full-bodied, no longer the pale, slim, wildlife girl of eighteen. The set lines running from her mouth which he remembered as being formed by that curious smile of wanting to know something more definite and significant about what had caused her to smile in the first place, had hardened and deepened because her curiosity hadn't been responded to, and because the questions could never be formed clearly enough in her to ask them. The smile had moved to the gray eyes, and was more forthright in its limitations, less expressive but no longer painful.

"Come in," she said. "I'll make you a cup of tea, if you'd like one."

"All right. I will for a minute." Once inside he forgot his absence and hesitancy and took off his coat. Her twelve-year-old son lay as far back as he could get in an armchair, watching television from too close by, a livid perpetual lightning flicker to Dick who wasn't facing it. His mother made him turn it down. "This is Peter," she said. "Peter, this is an old friend of your Mam's."

Peter said nothing, an intelligent face blighted by sudden resentment at another man in the house. He looked harder into the telly in case his mother should ask him to turn it right off. Marian's hands shook as she poured the tea, put in sugar and milk. "I can't get over it," she said, "you coming to see me. Of all people! Do you know anybody else around here?"

"Nobody. Only you."

SHE WAS HAPPY at the thought that he had come especially to see her. "You haven't altered much in all these years."

"Neither have you."

Her ironic grin was the same: "Not much I haven't! You can't lie to me any more. You did once though, didn't you, duck?"

He may have done, and the fact that he'd forgotten was made to seem unforgivable by the slight shock still on her face at his sudden reappearance. Still, she managed to laugh about the thought of him having lied to her once, though he knew better than to take such laughs at their face value. "Did you come up by car?" she asked. "What sort is it?"

"I don't have a car."

"I thought you would have. Then you could have taken me and Peter for a ride in it some time. Couldn't he, Peter?"

A "yes" broke from the back of Peter's mind. "You know," she said, "when I heard you'd become a schoolteacher I had to see the funny side of it. Fancy me going out for so long with a man who was going to become a schoolteacher! No wonder you chucked somebody like me up. I don't blame you, though."

"That wasn't why I chucked you up. If I did."

"You might have done—anyway," she reflected.

"I don't remember who chucked who up."

"You loved me though, didn't you?" She said this so that Peter wouldn't hear, from within the clatter and shouting of his private gunfight.

"I did," he answered.

"You said you wanted to stay in the army for good, and so getting married wouldn't be fair to either of us. I remember all of it clearly. But I could see that that wasn't it at all, though. You'd just lost interest. There was nowt else you could get to know about me, after all the times we had. We didn't even fall out with each other. I didn't know what to tell the girls at work when they asked about you."

Every word and nuance of her recollected past was accurate. It was no use saying he was only eighteen at the time, because he (as well as she) held himself totally responsible for his actions. Four years at work made him man enough already, and it wasn't so much shame he felt now as a failure of masculine responsibility. Yet some innate and ruthless sense had steered him from a life he was unfitted for. She spoke as if it were last year, whereas to him it was a whole lifetime ago, and could be considered in one way as the immature skirt chasing of a callow youth, and in another as the throwback past of a man who, being incapable of forgetting it, had been unable to grow up. And if, beyond all this, he had stepped from one world and settled himself securely in another with a wife, three children, and an all-absorbing job, why had he made this painful and paranoid expedition to the world he had launched out from? His age didn't justify it. Maybe in his deracinated life he was forgetting where he had come from, yet wasn't a visit home enough to remind him? One had to make journeys in all directions, was the only answer that came while listening to Marian. Happy are those who don't make journeys and never need to, he thought, yet luckier are those who do.

PETER had gone to bed, more willingly than he expected. He opened a half bottle of whisky bought in the

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pub, and Marian set out two glasses: "To you and your life," he said.

"To yourn," she answered. "I hardly ever drink, but this tastes good for a change. It might buck me up." She sat on the sofa they had made love on countless times, and he stayed on a straight-backed chair at the table on which plates, cups, and sauce bottle still rested. A clotheshorse barricaded the fire from them.

"I work at the same place still," she said, "at the stocking factory. I've got a better job now though: I fault them, prick them under a glass so that they won't last more than three months. It's a good job, faulting. I can make twelve pounds a week on piecework. It's hard though in wintertime, because I go to work on my bike, riding up the hill with a January wind hitting me head-on. I went on a bus once, but halfway there the driver had a dizzy spell. He turned round, shouting for everybody to jump off, before he was able to stop it. The only time I ever went on the bus, as well! Everything happens to me!"

"What was this I heard about your husband?" he asked, noticing the regularity of her teeth. All were false, and none of his had come out yet.

"Him?" she said. "Oh, when you left me I got married a year later. I met him at a dance, and never realized he was no good. Not long after we were married, while Mam was still alive—though on that morning she'd gone out shopping, thank God, or she'd have died at the shock I'm sure—I was in here washing up when two policemen knocked at the back door and asked if Arthur Baldwin lived here. I felt my heart going like mad, pitter-patter, and thought he'd been run over or killed in a machine at work, ready for the tears to burst out of me. But it wasn't that at all. They'd picked him up on the street because they'd found out he'd been breaking into houses, and I don't know what else he'd done. I didn't go to court, and never even read the papers about it. In fact he hadn't been at work for a long time, and I thought he had. I was such a baby I never realized what was going on. He'd been in trouble with the police before we met, but I didn't know anything about it, and nobody thought to tell me. He'd even got

another woman he was keeping, in the Meadows. His mother asked me to go down to the court and plead for him, because I was pregnant already, but I didn't. I wouldn't have anything to do with it. "He's got hisself into it," I told her, "so he can get hisself out of it.'" She threatened me, but I still wouldn't do it, and then my mother nearly threw her out of the house. It wouldn't have helped much, anyway, I know that, because the police had really got it in for him, just as I had as well for the way he'd done it on me.

"He was sent to prison for two years, and I haven't seen him since. As I say, I was pregnant, and Peter was born while he was in prison. He don't know anything about it yet, though he'll have a right to some day. I just tell him that his father left me when he was a baby. Mam and me got a bed down from upstairs when I had Peter, and fixed it up in this corner, and I had him on it. Then a year later Mam went, and I've lived alone ever since, the last ten years. I wouldn't get married again now, though, not for a fortune. All I've got is Peter, and it's enough for me, bringing him up. He's a bit of a handful at times, being without a dad, but when he is he gets my fist. Mind you, we have some good times together as well. We go fishing now and again, and he loves it, sitting by the canal with all his tackle and bait, net and floats. He feels a proper man, and I don't mind buying him the best stuff to do it with. He's very clever though at mechanical things. All he does is build things up. He's got all sorts of radio kits and construction sets. I never have to touch a fuse: he mends them all. He fixed a transistor radio last week for Mrs. Barnes next door and she was ever so pleased. She gave him ten bob.

"I work hard, so we live well. Last year we rented a caravan at Cleethorpes with the couple next door, and stayed a fortnight. I look a sight in a bathing costume but we went swimming every day, and had a marvelous time. Mr. Barnes got a car and we went all over Lincolnshire picnicking. It won't be all that long now before Peter starts work, and then he'll be bringing in some money as well. He doesn't want to stay on at school, at least he says he don't, though I don't think he'll be able to change his mind if he decides to.

"I suppose it was hardest for me though when Mam went. It was cancer but she wasn't badly for very long. She never went to bed, stopped going when she knew she was going to die, though nobody told her, just lay on this sofa at night and sat in that armchair during the day. I don't know how we managed with just each other. I knew she was going to die, and that when she went there'd be no one left. Then I'd hear Peter crying, and knew that there would be, but it didn't make much difference for a long time. Still, we've all got to go, though it don't do to think about it."

"We're young yet," Dick said. "We're just over thirty." He sat by her on the sofa and took her hand. Was it true then that in all the troubles people had, no one could help anyone else, be of much use to soothe and comfort? Was everyone alone in their own black caverns and never communicating by tunnel or canal?

"I had help," she said. "The neighbors did what they could. At a time like that only God can help you, and it's only then you realize He can't. We aren't taking a holiday this year. I can't afford it because I got Peter a pickup and tape recorder. But the year after, if we're still here, we're hoping to

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go to Norfolk for ten days. Gives us summat to look forward to."

"I expect you'll get married again one day," he said.

"Married?" she jeered. "Not me, mate. I've had my life. No more kids, either. The woman next door had a baby last week, and when she came in to see me with it I laughed at her for being so quick in her visiting and said: 'Hey, don't come in here spreading your feathers!' And she laughed as well as if it might not be a bad idea, but I knew it worn't. All I want to do is bring Peter up, get him a good start in life. I don't mind working for that, and living for it. I'll work till I drop, but as for getting married, you don't know what I've had to go through. And don't think I'm squealing about it. I might have done at one time, but not any more, because it's all over. I'm not going to get married and have them all come back."

"You can fall in love, you know." He detected a weakness in her that she had obviously long brooded on.

"No, I won't."

"That's what you say now. There's no telling when it'll come."

"I loved you," she said, "and you can only be in love once in your life, the first time. There ain't any other." Her conviction was quiet, all jeering gone. She pressed his hand, and he leaned over to kiss her on the cheek. "It's like a dream," she said, smiling, her eyes shining as if the tears would break. "You coming back. I can't believe it. I can't, duck, honest I can't."

She wasn't in love with him, no more than he was with her, but he had lured her into the spider trap of the past, and she was sweetening within it. "No," she said, "I'll never fall in love."

"You don't have to be in love to get married," he said.

"That's what I thought before," she answered, "and look what happened."

"Love is a destroyer if you wait for it too long. If you like somebody, love can come out of it. It's no use wrecking your life for want of being in love. Sometimes I think that as soon as you start talking about love it's on its way out, that really it's nothing more than the bloody relic of a bygone age that civilization no longer needs. There's something wicked and destructive about it."

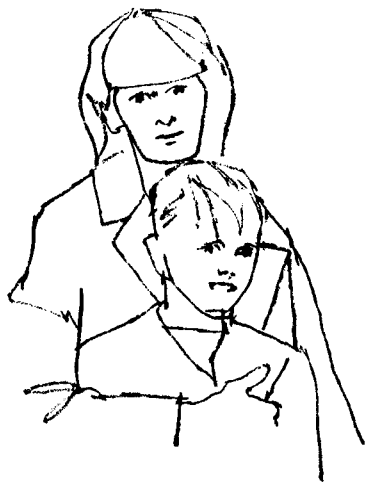
"I don't properly understand you," she said gently, "but you're wrong, anyway. You're only saying it to soothe me. You don't need to, you know, I'm all right. I'm not as sour as I sound."

THE DOOR opened without warning and Peter appeared in his dressing gown, eyes blinded by the light as if he'd already been half asleep, though Dick thought he may have been listening to their talk for a while. "What do you want?" Marian asked.

"I'm looking for my comic." He found it, under a cushion of the sofa they were sitting on. "Don't stay up late, duck," she said. "You've got to go to school in the morning."

He stood by the door, looking at them. "Are you coming to bed then, Mam?"

"Soon. We're just having a talk about old times. I shan't be long."



He went up the stairs, slowly, drawing the sleeve of his dressing gown against the wall.

She made more tea, took out a box of photographs and went through them one by one, then got him to empty his wallet and show pictures of his wife and children. The past was impotent, finally, with no cleansing quality in its slow-burning fires. Yet they could never be put out because the canals that led to them were baked dry at the bottom with the rusting and tattered debris of the life you lead.

"I didn't think you'd ever go to live in London, though," she said. "It's a long way off."

"Two hours by train, duck. There and back in half a day. Nothing."

"Not if you live there, and was born here. Shall you come and see me again?"

He stood and put on his coat. "I'd like to, if you won't kick me out."

"Well, maybe I won't."

"I don't come up too often, though."

"It don't matter. We could go to a pub or summat, couldn't we?"

He held her close. "We could."

"It don't matter though, if you don't want to. But come in and see me."

"All right, love."

They held each other close, and kissed for a few seconds, standing near the kitchen door. "I can't believe it," she said. "I still can't. Why did you come back? Why?" He couldn't say. He didn't know. The fifteen years fizzled down to nothing. It wasn't true that he'd been a man at eighteen. He was a youth, and the raging sweet waves of it crushed into him, two flat heads of vise-steel closing with nothing in between.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Nothing. I didn't say owt." He kissed the tears out of her eyes.

AFTER MIDNIGHT he walked through fire, tattered and burned, going the same track home as on the hundreds of occasions when he had stayed late and missed his bus, blinded and blindfolded across the wide roads and by the black hedge-bound footpath of Colliers' Pad. Only the train might take him right out of it.

Lights crouched in the distance all around, every tree root holy, the foliage damned. The narrow path was hedged in by uncertainty and chaos, life's way spun out of suffering and towards death. Artificially lighted air blighted your lungs, and you now and again stopped on your walk by some half-concealed bran tub to dip your hands into the entrails of the past when destruction wasn't coming on you fast enough; the past is only good when what you pull up can be seen as part of the future.

But his heart was full of Marian's fate, up to her death and his death, and he felt better in knowing that at least they had this much in common whether they saw each other again or not.

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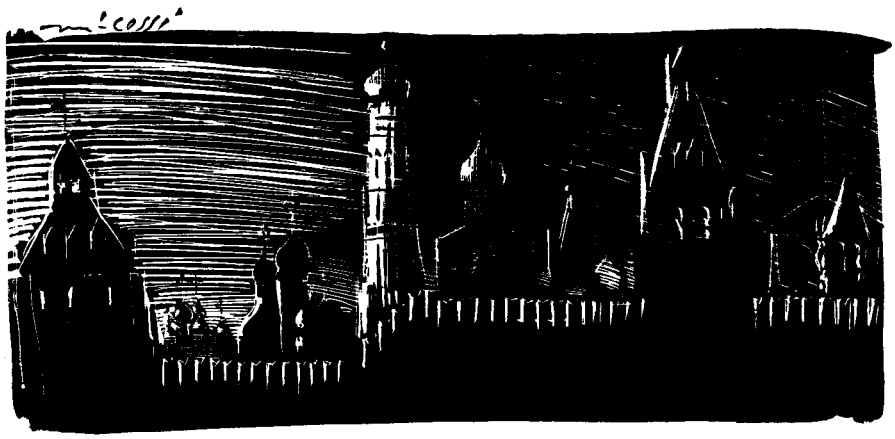

The Russians Are Coming

ROLAND GELATT

SINCE THE WAR a large variety of Russian recordings have appeared here on a large variety of labels, some authorized, some bootleg. Because of the glimpses they gave of an unfamiliar musical culture, these discs have always attracted lively interest. Our first introduction to David Oistrakh and Emil Gilels came via Soviet recordings, and so did our first introduction to certain postwar works of Prokofiev and Shostakovich. But however strong their musical attractions, records of Russian origin almost invariably left a good deal to be desired as specimens of engineering and presentation. For many years, Soviet recording technology lagged far behind that of Western Europe and the United States. The sound was lackluster, and so—more often than not—was the packaging, since Russian recordings published for American consumption were usually handled by small companies with shoestring budgets.

Now all that is changed. Last year, Capitol Records entered into an agreement with Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga, the official recording agency of the Soviet Union, to issue its current material on a new American label, Melodiya/Angel. About a dozen releases in the Melodiya series are now at hand, and they represent a vast improvement over anything that has come out heretofore. The engineers have made notable progress. These are wide-range stereo productions for which no allowances need be made, and the thorough album annotations live up to the high standards that we have come to expect from the Angel imprint.

AMONG the first issues is a full-length recording of Shostakovich's controversial opera *Katerina Ismailova* (4100, three discs), the work that got its composer in trouble with Stalin back in 1934, when it was known as *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*. Neither the Soviet dictator nor his cultural commissars took kindly to an artistic production so grotesquely satirical, indeed nihilistic, in its point of view, and as a consequence *Lady Macbeth* was banned from the Soviet stage for almost thirty years. When it reappeared in 1963 as *Katerina Ismailova*, certain revisions had been made in the text and its musical setting. The alterations, however, proved to be relatively minor. Times have changed more than Shostakovich's opera.

It is a strange and problematic work in which not one admirable character appears from beginning to end. The ostensible heroine poisons her prurient father-in-law when he catches her with a lover, then connives in the murder of her husband and brazenly marries his assassin. Eventually justice prevails and she meets a bad end, but not before a crew of hired hands, policemen, priests, and convicts have their sordid innings. In portraying these types and situations, the music runs riot. It jumps abruptly from pathos to sarcasm, from moonlit soliloquies to acerbic grimaces, from Mussorgsky to Alban Berg (with a touch of Puccini en route). Apparently the music is meant to convince us that Katerina is a rich and beautiful soul thrust into a heartless environment. But it doesn't. She remains a horror in a horrid setting.

Though *Katerina Ismailova* is no masterpiece, it has many of the quintessential Shostakovich hallmarks—an arching wail of high strings, throaty woodwind cantilenas, perky and jerky rhythms, and above all a fecund melodic invention—and it is certainly well worth having on records.

The performance is by members of the Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko Theatre in Moscow, where the work was first revived four years ago. As usual in Russian casts, the bassos are best, the tenors and sopranos worst (the singer who plays Katerina is afflicted with a typically wide vibrato). But though these are not great vocalists, they give a performance which carries dramatic conviction, and in opera that counts for much. The recording is bright and well separated, but frugal with stage effects.

ONE OF these days there will be a Rimsky-Korsakov revival in our opera houses (the New York City Opera is leading the way next fall with a production of *The Golden Cockerel*), but until then recordings from Russia will have to fill the bill. Included in the Melodiya/Angel releases is a sampling of highlights from Rimsky's *Mlada* (40012), a fairy-tale opera clothed in the most sumptuous orchestration imaginable. Despite its Wagnerian aspirations, the music is as Russian as could be—that is, Russian in the Rimsky manner; exotic and orotund, with always a touch of tinseled Oriental extravagance in the background. Like all this composer's music, you forget it as soon as it's over, but while the sorcery is in progress it makes for enchanting en-

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tertainment. The record contains six excerpts, including the frequently heard "Procession of the Nobles." Again the singing is only so-so, but the chorus and orchestra of the Moscow Radio rise splendidly to the occasion.

Lest we come away with the impression that no great singers are to be found in the Soviet Union today, Melodiya/Angel has brought out a recital of opera and cantata arias performed by the mezzo-soprano Irina Arkhipova (40014). This collection is not to be missed, for Arkhipova is a remarkable artist. Imagine a Russian version of Maria Callas and you will get an idea of the thrilling intensity with which she enunciates words and molds phrases. Along with her powers of projection goes a marvelously supple voice, with a creamy consistency from throbbing low notes to brilliant highs. Side 1, devoted to nineteenth-century fare, includes a passionate supplication from Arensky's *Fountain of Bakhchisarai* and two arias from Mussorgsky's *Khovanschina*. On the second side, where Arkhipova turns to music of our time, a lullaby from Prokofiev's *On Guard for Peace* is especially lovely.

NOT EVERYTHING on this new label lies off the beaten track. There is, for instance, an impressive performance of Berlioz's *Harold in Italy* (40001), in which David Oistrakh conducts the Moscow Philharmonic and Rudolf Barshai plays the solo viola part. In this country we think of Oistrakh as a soloist and Barshai as a conductor (of the redoubtable Moscow Chamber Orchestra), but this recording shows that they are equally adept when the roles are switched. Prokofiev's *Alexander Nevsky* cantata is another familiar piece represented by an excellent recording—this one featuring the USSR Symphony Orchestra under Yevgeny Svetlanov (40010). *Nevsky* is not one of the composer's signal successes—at least not in concert form. The "Battle on the Ice" movement has some thrills, but the big patriotic gestures wear out their welcome too quickly, and the finale is just plain noisy. Those immense globs of sound prove a little too much for the Moscow engineers: the

The Searcher

He thought he'd had it:
Too many wives—none now, though
and the evenings a roofless house;
alcoholism, but *that* monkey off his back—
lift high the cup of coffee to AA!—

But still this scalp, bare as a light bulb with a shine
you could read by, pink as a piece of lingerie,
beaded always with embarrassment;
and this loud talent for saying the wrong thing. . . .

Oh, there were compensations:
Money to be made in construction,
and he drove a good car
and didn't want girls any more
but a woman, a mother bird of a woman,
a nest maker with a cooing tongue
in her head and no fancy feathers,
though he wouldn't have said it like that.

Still, there was this guilty suit of fat he wore,
necessarily even in bed, and couldn't lose it—
oh-god-the-hungriness!—and always the exposed,
the unspeakable baldness.

In search of something—a disciplined tongue?—
he joined a Carnegie class in public speaking.
He learned not to sway like an amorous bear
when he spoke; to avoid four-letter words in his speeches.
He outgrew boasting of sophomore football fame
and even fights and fracases.

In a surprise of simplicity
he talked one evening of having to eat alone
as if quarantined in his loneliness,
and the class was with him and somehow he knew it.
Finally he told of trying to wear a wig
and how he couldn't stand it, being that phony and all.
He got a standing ovation.

He began to suspect that everyone
has a bald head, a load of fat,
even the leanest,
somewhere in their inside pockets,
and he threw away all his hats,
bought a belt big enough
and the last time I saw him
he was driving a new Cadillac.
It was evening.
He looked like a man going home.

—HELEN SORRELLS

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climaxes tend to become gritty and compressed. However, no recording of this music has been entirely successful, and at least this one has an authentic Russian chorus.

The two first-prize winners of last year's International Tchaikovsky Competition have each been featured in a recording. Viktor Tretyakov, who won the violin contest, is heard in the Paganini D major Concerto (40015). He has a seemingly big, fat tone and a nimble technique (the spiccato playing in the final movement is particularly good), but as yet he lacks much sense of architecture or nuance, and there are several better-recorded performances available. There are also better versions of the Tchaikovsky B flat Concerto than that (40016) by the piano prizewinner, Grigory Sokolov, but his performance nevertheless has a lot in its favor. Emil Gilels, one of the judges, described Sokolov's playing aptly: "It breathed freshness, lightness, and youth." The approach of this seventeen-year-old pianist to the concerto is quiet and delicate, with inward rapture taking precedence over outward heroics. This is not to imply any weakness in Sokolov's technique, but merely to say that the emphasis is more on feathery poetry than muscular declamation. The conductor, Neimye Yarvy, goes along with this understated view of the music.

IN THE months ahead we are promised much more from Melodiya/Angel. According to Capitol's president, Alan Livingston, the series is meant to contribute to "the essential dialogue" that must be established between the peoples of the Soviet Union and the United States. No doubt it does help to serve this purpose. But a dialogue implies two-way communication, and there is no evidence of any eastbound reciprocity in the agreement between Capitol and Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga. Let us hope that the time will come when Soviet record buyers can obtain American recordings of Ives, Gershwin, and Copland as easily as we can obtain Soviet recordings of Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev, and Shostakovich. Only then will it become appropriate to refer to recordings as a medium through which the two peoples truly speak to one another.

BOOKS

The Logic and the Agony

SAREL EIMERL

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL: 1872-1914. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $7.95.*

Most autobiographies are narratives of action, extended *curricula vitae*, that concentrate on external events. This is suitable for politicians, soldiers, and other notables who are distinguished for their actions rather than for their thoughts. From Bertrand Russell one naturally expects something different, and he has provided it. This first volume of his autobiography does contain a few dozen pages about his family background and his professional career, as well as some delightful anecdotes about the celebrated men and women of his acquaintance. But it is primarily a narrative of emotion and thought whose purpose is not to give an accounting of what Russell has done but to attempt to answer the questions: What have been my principal concerns? What kind of man have I been?

It is unfortunate that Russell waited so long to make his accounting. He has always been impatient, and by the time this book was written, in his eighties, I believe, his impatience had reached such a stage that much of the narrative reads less like an autobiography than like notes for one. There is disappointingly little narrative and far too heavy a reliance on old letters, many of them tedious. However, the writing itself, still marked by Russell's gifts for economy and penetrating straight to the heart of any issue, is as readable as any of his popular essays. And, if for nothing else, this book would be well worth reading because it tells about a man of extraordinary intelligence.

Russell possessed an intellectual intensity that appears most vividly in his passion for mathematics. He describes his introduction to Euclid, at the age of eleven, as "one of the great events of my life, as dazzling as first love. I had not imagined that there was anything so delicious in the world." His passion continued so intense that it kept him working for almost ten years, normally for nine to twelve hours a day, on *Principia Mathematica*, even though for much of the time he found the work so appallingly difficult that "to think of it at all required an all but superhuman effort."

RUSSELL also possessed a remarkable intellectual power, and one can get some idea of that from what happened when he was invited to deliver the Lowell lectures at Harvard: "I announced the subject . . . but could not think of anything to say." Finally, he arranged for a shorthand typist to visit him, "though I had not the vaguest idea what I should say to her when she came. As she entered the room, my ideas fell into place, and I dictated in a completely orderly sequence from that moment until the work was finished"—the work in question being *Our Knowledge of the External World as a Field for Scientific Method in Philosophy*.

Russell's astonishing powers of cogitation and concentration seem to have been outgrowths of a general mental intensity that also gave him an exceptional capacity for experiencing emotion. When he first fell in love, with the American Quaker Alys Pearsall Smith, he was overcome with ecstasy: "We spent the whole day, with the exception of meal-times, in kissing, with hardly a word spoken from morning till night, except for an interlude during which I read *Epipsychidion* aloud." His emotional intensity also enabled Russell to achieve an extremely close intimacy with some male friends. The best illustration of it appears in his relationship with Conrad. In their first long conversation, "We seemed to sink through layer after layer of what was superficial, till gradually both reached the central fire. . . . We looked into each other's eyes, half appalled and half

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intoxicated to find ourselves together in such a region." The very words bear the marks of Conrad's style. And Conrad's comment in a letter, "Generally I don't know what to say to people. But your personality drew me out," suggests that Russell, the masterful talker, was also a superb listener, which means that he must have possessed the quality, always uncommon and particularly rare in people of outstanding accomplishment, of being genuinely interested in others.

JUDGING from this volume, however, the extreme intensity and sensitivity that marked Russell's character also brought him close to insanity. When they heard that he wanted to marry Alys Pearsall Smith, his family were outraged and summoned the family doctor to persuade Russell to abandon the plan. The doctor approached his task by impressing on Russell that he should not have children because one of his uncles had been mad, an aunt had suffered from insane delusions, and his father had been an epileptic. Russell says that the fears induced by such arguments left him with a conscious fear of insanity and that while a happy marriage banished the conscious fear, an unconscious fear persisted. His repeated descriptions of people, including Whitehead, as being almost insane demonstrate that the subject of insanity continued to obsess him. But perhaps it would be more accurate to speak of Russell as being unbalanced—in the sense that his attitudes and behavior were consistently more intense than the causes appear to have warranted. In his youth he was a metaphysical idealist, and when he recovered, he found it "an intense excitement, after having supposed the sensible world unreal, to be able to believe again that there really were such things as tables and chairs." This surely is a remarkably vehement reaction compared, say, to that of Hume, who, after having spent his days proving that causality did not exist, would sit by the fire in the evenings and think how unreal were his concerns with the nature of reality.

Russell's attitudes toward the stuff of everyday life were equally excessive, and also consistently morbid. He described marriage as a competition to see which is to be the torturer and which the tortured. "To know people well," he observed, "is to know their tragedy." And in one fit of depression he wrote to Gilbert Murray: "The only thing that I strongly *feel* worth while would be to murder as many people as possible so as to diminish the amount of consciousness in the world."

AMID all this ghastliness, work was the only way to banish self. In the misery that followed his discovery that he no longer loved his first wife, Russell found his only real consolation in the construction of prose rhythms. Mathematics in particular was a haven of peace. Yet sometimes the burden of *Principia Mathematica* became so great that he determined to kill himself to escape it. Apparently it never occurred to him that he might just drop the book, as any normal person would have done. But then suicide was always in his mind as a way of escape. At school, he refrained from it only because he wanted to know more about mathematics. Exaggeration? Melodramatics? There is one anecdote that suggests otherwise. After sixteen years of marriage, he fell in love with Lady Ottoline Morrell, the most celebrated literary salonkeeper in England. Unfortunately, his wife still loved him and, in her fury, threatened to divorce him and name Lady Ottoline as the other woman. Russell's reply was that if she attempted to do so, he would circumvent her by committing suicide. "I meant this," he comments, "and she saw that I did." At any rate, she did not carry out her threat.

It is interesting that after he stopped loving his wife and before he began his affair with Lady Ottoline, Russell endured nine years of total sexual abstinence. He claims that he remained with his wife because she threatened to kill herself if he left her and because there was no other woman he wished to go to. In view of all the other evidence, it is difficult to take his wife's threat as seriously as Russell did; for he obviously lived in terror of unlikely disasters. As for his second given explanation, it seems more sensible to suppose that he shrank from a second sexual commitment and possible failure. For he never really expected to be happy. Just before he and Lady Ottoline were due to meet to inaugurate their sexual connection, Russell's dentist warned him that he had cancer. "My first reaction was to congratulate the Deity on having got me after all just as happiness seemed in sight."

It is, however, also possible that the real explanation for Russell's protracted abstinence from sexual activity lay in a vestigial belief in the Victorian moralities he had been brought up to cherish. For while in any age he would probably have been a genius and emotionally unbalanced, I suspect that his severe Victorian upbringing was responsible for most of the other principal characteristics that emerge in this self-accounting. It is true that he rebelled against several of the most hallowed Victorian moral canons. He lost his belief in God, after an agonizing struggle that today seems wholly disproportionate. He committed fornication, and he was brazenly defiant of the maxim "My country, right or wrong." It is, I think, significant that to justify himself, he wrote a great deal on all these issues, just as he also wrote a book on, of all subjects, how to be happy. He was the kind of ardent, extreme moralist who always has to find moral justification for his behavior; and he was a moralist in the true Victorian style, self-righteous and blessed with an absolute self-certainty that very few people of anything like the same education, not to mention intellect, can muster today. Moreover, he followed his preachments. He believed in the value of knowledge and of truth, and pursued them both with passion. He subjected himself to contempt, hatred, and prison to protest Britain's entry into the First World War.

AND YET, despite all his success and fame and his dedication to noble causes, he remained very doubtful whether anything he did was worth while. "Any passionate and courageous life seems good in itself," he wrote in 1913, "yet one feels that some element of delusion is involved in giving so much passion to any humanly attainable object. And so irony creeps into the

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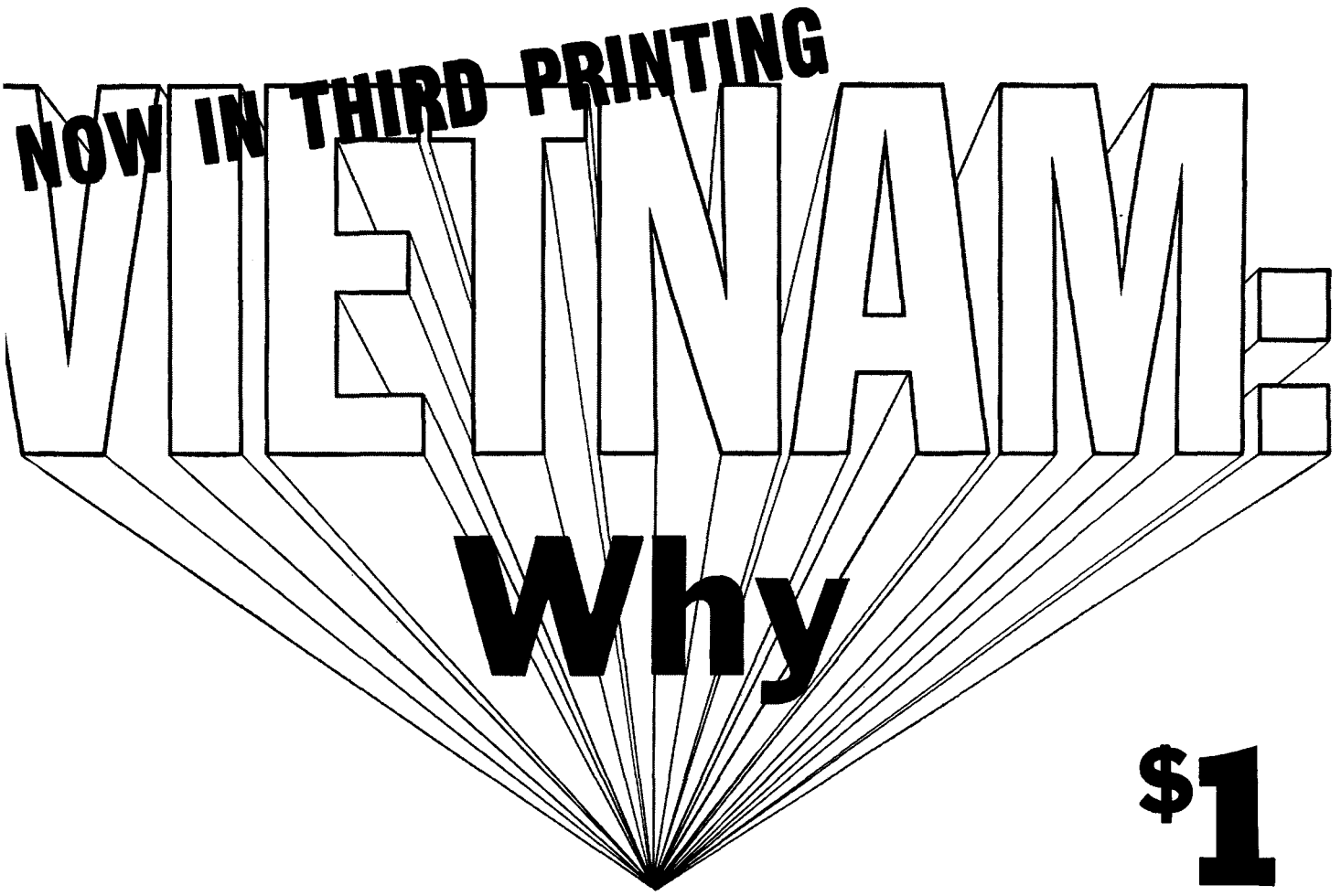

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very springs of one's being." This is surely a curious observation from a man who must have believed himself to be a humanist. Why should he have taken it for granted that anything a human being can achieve is unworthy of passion? There is one obvious answer. Russell's sense of logic made it impossible for him to accept such irrational concepts as the Christian dogma of original sin or the Victorians' vision of God. But all the evidence in this book goes to show that, unconsciously, he never stopped believing in the one or missing the other.

A Critic Looks Back

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

A PRIMER OF IGNORANCE, by R. P. Blackmur. Edited by Joseph Frank. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.*

A Primer of Ignorance is a collection of Blackmur's lectures and essays, posthumously assembled, according to Blackmur's plan, by his literary executor Joseph Frank, himself a critic of note and currently a professor at Princeton, where Blackmur taught for twenty-five years. Some of the pieces discuss literary works in the scrupulous detail and diligent style that established Blackmur's reputation as a major critic, but the majority are general analyses of contemporary culture, as Blackmur saw it reflected in both literature and his own experience.

This is an oppressively sad book, whose favorite source of wise quotation is Montaigne, and sometimes, as its title suggests, an embittered one, heavily informed by that particular nostalgia which older American critics almost in unison feel for the days when modern literature and criticism were first making their way. The personal essays that comprise the book's middle are records of Blackmur's travels, often under government auspices, to audiences of European and Oriental literati and incipient literati. They are full of tokens of recognition and yet feelings of loneliness. *A Primer of Ignorance* conveys an aging man's awareness that both he and his sponsors were exploiting an excellence he would probably never be able to achieve again. The nostalgia for the culture of a past time becomes a background to the personal plight.

THOSE of us who have admired Blackmur's justifiably famous close readings of the modern poets will probably find the cultural essays disappointing, primarily because the exponent of careful analysis and hard scholarly work offers, instead, a series of excessively abstract, inadequately researched, feebly supported general remarks about the world scene. Blackmur's analysis is full of the 1950s' pieties about the elimination of poverty and the negative character of industrialization and yet neglects problems more immediate to his life as a professor—the individual's role in a bureaucracy and the teacher's relationship to his students. (Oddly, students are mentioned not at all, although Blackmur's style reveals those indulgences an eminent man allows himself before an eager, not to say captive, audience.) The author of the remark "many reviewers and critics (for the two are not the same)" here functions more as a reviewer, whose commentary is more a succession of "notices" than a thorough critique.

I would classify the most satisfactory essays in *A Primer of Ignorance* as orthodox literary criticism—the lengthy discussions of Henry James's stories about artists and several aspects of Henry Adams, all of which, indicatively, were published in the early 1940's. Blackmur's writing here is considerably smoother than his later prose—particularly immune from the clumsiness that subsequently became his primary affliction (and the sore rubbed by Frederick Crews's malicious parody in *The Pooh Perplex*); free of that "faulty relation between language and sensibility" he once identified as a sure mark of bad poetry.

In these better essays, he establishes his uncommon capacity to probe below the obvious surface of art's work—to perceive obscured but essential strategies, to make acutely fine but necessary discriminations, and to discern coherences where inferior critics find chaos. At this kind of "critic's job of work," Blackmur at his best operates as thoroughly as anyone can. My primary complaint here is that in his concern with Henry Adams as an artistic sensibility, Blackmur fails to mention what I think was Adams's most extraordinary intellectual innovation—the adaptation of ideas developed in the new sciences to defining the pattern that history makes.

THE BUTT of Blackmur's bitterness is ignorance—"the new illiteracy" of "fragmentation and specialized knowledge" which, he says, has swept American intellectual life and practically made the traditional man of letters extinct. Yet Blackmur himself hardly achieves the coherent and evenly measured breadth he so highly admires. The modes of experience significantly covered in the book encompass no more than literature, personal adventure, and architecture; and only in the first area does he transcend the mass of reviewers. Painting is mentioned here and there, and the remarks about dance, in this case on the New York City Ballet, display a solipsism and abstractness that a more scrupulous New Critic would have condemned: "If there was a unity in their dancing it was the American unity which is achieved by cutting away; unity by privation or deprivation; unity by technique—by action precipitated in the Kaleidoscope and learned in the muscles which would operate without the pressure of the person." This statement reminds me of the best aphorism in the book, "All minds should contain several vocabularies," precisely because Blackmur's primary problem here is an inability to find a vocabulary appropriate to the experience he describes.

Nonetheless, Blackmur's ideals have an enormous relevance today, as our culture continually becomes more multifarious; for he suggests that audiences, as well as critics, should be not monoliterate, which is to say specialists in only one field, but polyliterate, familiar with the "vocabularies" and traditions of several fields. However, where Black-

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mur was an advocate of the second style, in practice—as in this book—he exemplified the first.

I wonder if Blackmur's later position, as well as the change in his critical style, did not imply a rather rigorous critique of the New Criticism and its specialized devotion to "poetry" as the primary mode of higher knowledge; for I think that such a critique, had he initiated it, would have provided a far more significant summation of his fifties thinking than his book.

Et Caesar Et Nullus

HENRY A. KISSINGER

THE THINGS THAT ARE CAESAR'S, by Milton Katz. *Knopf. $4.95.*

If history teaches anything, it is that all political structures have hitherto proved ephemeral. Philosophers and political scientists have found many causes for this state of affairs. None is more important or persistent than the gap that almost inevitably arises between the requirements for reaching high office and the qualities needed to exercise it. When the gap is narrow, the political structure flourishes; when it widens, decay is inevitable.

Professor Katz, in his wise little book, addresses himself to this strangely neglected problem. He traces, through a number of historical examples, the relationship between winning power and governing: Sulla and Caesar; the French Revolution and Napoleon; the Congo; the British accommodation; the Prussian-German fusion. Finally, he shows how the American governmental élan is exposed to the danger of being arrested and how its political structures can be revitalized.

It would be idle to underestimate the magnitude of the task, and Professor Katz would be the last to do so. Reaching power has always required single-mindedness, ruthlessness, and a certain amount of egotism. The more bitter the struggle

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to reach eminence, the more energy it tends to absorb, leaving less time to develop the qualities required for the exercise of high office. During periods of aristocratic rule, such as the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in Europe, this problem was somewhat reduced. An aristocracy, if it lives up to its values, will reject the arbitrariness of absolutist rule; it will base itself on a notion of quality that discourages the temptations of demagoguery inherent in plebiscitarian political structures. When position is related to birth, generosity is possible (though by no means certain); flexibility is not inhibited by a commitment to constant success. When a leader's estimate of himself is not dependent on his prevailing at all times in bureaucratic struggles, then the measures he takes can be attributed to long-range concepts rather than to a compulsive need to avoid an even temporary setback.

Obviously, aristocratic periods had problems of their own: a certain frivolity, a self-confidence unrelated to knowledge. In any event, ours is the age of the expert or the charismatic leader. Our challenge is to produce in a mass society some of the values heretofore restricted to a minority.

The prospects are not bright. Where eminence must be reached by endless struggle, leaders may collapse at the top, drained of creativity, for they may be inclined to use in high office the methods by which they reached it. Where political tradition is lacking, as in many of the new societies, leaders may be tempted to rule by sustaining the mood of exaltation of the revolutionary struggle, as Professor Katz shows in his thoughtful chapter on the experience of the Congo. In ideologically oriented societies the gap between reality and expectation can become ominously large.

Professor Katz thinks that this danger can be reduced if men who reach political leadership take into consideration the advice of professional administrators. To a considerable extent this notion is correct. But it may be too optimistic on two grounds. When political leaders are characterized primarily by their quest for power, when they decide to seek office first and search for issues later, then their technique to maintain power is necessarily short-range and manipulative. When men reach leadership before learning what to do with it, nothing more is likely to come from professional advice than tactical considerations. But at the same time, as the bureaucracy becomes more complex, its increasing internal difficulties may overshadow the purposes for which it was set up. Management will dominate policymaking, or—more insidiously—grow to be identified with it.

This does not mean, of course, that the gap between political leadership and bureaucracy is unbridgeable. Professor Katz does not maintain that the link can be easily established—only that the magnitude of the challenge is no excuse for not trying new solutions.

Canada's Changing Defense Policy, 1957-1963

The Problems of a Middle Power in Alliance

By JON B. McLIN

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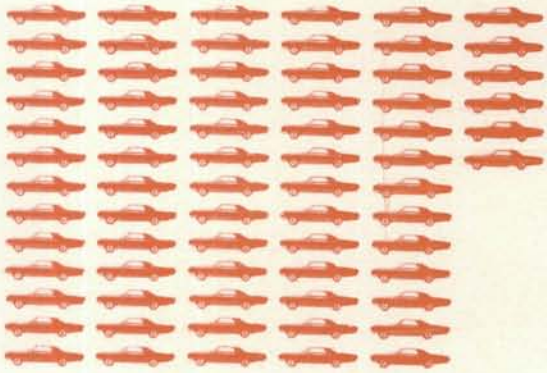

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